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The Close of the Campbell Scandal!

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SHE LOST HER HEAD.

A WEALTHY HEIRESS OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, DRINKS TOO MUCH AT A LOUISVILLE DINNER PARTY AND AFTERWARDS MAKES A SHOW OF HERSELF AT THE THEATRE.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1887.

TO OUR READERS.

The Postmaster at Somerville, Mass., was discharged for refusing to mail a copy of the *POLICE GAZETTE* to Europe. Any reader of this journal being refused the usual mail facilities, is requested to communicate the fact at once to the publisher.

Agents wanted to canvass for subscriptions in every city and village in the United States. Sample copies and advertising matter supplied free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

SOCIETY AND THE SPORTING MAN.

One of the most interesting changes in public opinion that has been observable of late years with regard to any class or element in society is the new light in which the actor is now viewed by those who not so very long ago denounced him with violent abuse, spurned him personally and made his life a burden and a vexation to him. In the time of our grandfathers, the actor was classed, by statute, as a rogue and a vagabond. If he were found prowling around a country village he was promptly shoved into the stocks and the small boys of the neighborhood were all but invited by the constable to heave stones and mud at his captive and degraded form. He lived in a garret and his company, personally, was even less desirable than that of a pickpocket or a criminal of the present day. He had to confine his friendship entirely to his much abused profession, and in his love affairs he had to be content with the leavings of his betters.

That is why, to a very great extent, the geniuses of the ancient stage usually died of rum and were buried as they lived, like outlaws and vagrants.

The tramp of the nineteenth century fares better and is held in higher account by his fellow-men than was the leading tragedian of London even so recently as the time of King George the Third.

What a different lot is the actor's to-day! In France he, or his female equivalent, set the fashions, gave life, personally, to every social movement, and rank in public influence with the leading lawyers and statesmen and artists of the French Republic.

In England the whole upper class seems to be stage crazy. Hardly a noble family, nowadays, but has a representative on the boards. Prominent actors like Henry Irving are of equal account with Gladstone and Churchill. So with the female members of the profession. Mrs. Langtry goes upon the stage and really doubles her social triumph. The Prince of Wales receives actresses at his garden parties and treats them with as much consideration as he does Duchesses and Countesses.

But it is not the actor alone who is feeling the benefit of this great stride in the direction of liberality and common sense which the civilized world is making. The honest, straightforward professors of the sporting arts and sciences, share the boon. Fred Archer, because he was a jockey, who had, in his time, millions entrusted to his fidelity, and never did violence to his honor, was followed to his premature grave by the grief of the proudest aristocracy in the world.

Even in crank-ridden and reformer-cursed America athletes like Hanlan and Sullivan, so long as they conduct themselves as gentlemen and true sportsmen, have begun to realize the vast difference in their social condition nowadays, and that of their predecessors, even of a generation ago. The well behaved and manly pugilist, the reliable and skillful oarsman have no social odds to ask of any living soul. And every year strengthens their hold and adds to the legitimacy of their pretensions. Before many years are over, the crank who endeavors to strangle manly sports with legal interference, will be sent to the same asylum for the insane as that in which we would have to look nowadays for the fanatic who might try to revive the blue laws against the actor.

"FAIR PLAY RULES."

The Manhattan Athletic Club had a rousing good time the other evening at their magnificent house on Fifth Avenue. Boxing was, of course, the feature of the entertainment and some very lively work was done. In every instance the matches were fairly and squarely decided on their merits. Why? Because they were fought under "Police Gazette" rules which, by common consent, are infinitely preferable to those of the Marquis of Queensberry because instead of letting a man win by a fluke they compel the participants to go on to a finish.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

An article was lately published in the *Whitehall Review*, London, pointing out what was considered a flaw in the drama of "Jim the Penman," namely Ralston's off-hand imitation of his wife's signature, done in the presence of a room full of people, on a check which she is to give for charity. The invalidity of such a check and the improbability that the forger would so far forget his prudence as to forge his wife's name in the presence of other persons, even with her consent (which he is represented as asking and receiving), were of course indicated as the weakness of the dramatic construction. This point had already been observed by Mr. Palmer on his first reading of the play; and his device for obviating the objection was adopted when this drama was presented at the Madison Square Theatre. Nothing is said about a check, but the document to which Ralston affixes his wife's name is made a subscription book. In this the forger might reasonably sign her name, with her consent, and under the observation of other people. This is the way in which the plot is managed in the American production, and the result is an entirely smooth and satisfactory presentation of the subject.

Nobody has yet inquired if the Patti ticket swindle in Mexico wasn't a sharp advertising dodge of Brother Henry E. Abbey's. He's a "keeper" on advertising.

Eugene Oudin and Louise Parker, of McCaull's Opera Company, were united in marriage at Detroit on Saturday, Dec. 4. Col. McCaull gave the bride away and De Wolf Hopper was the best man. The bride wore the blue silk costume in which she appears in the last act of "Josephine." The happy couple received numerous and valuable wedding gifts from their friends inside and outside of the profession.

The statuesque Pauline Markham has written a play. It is called the "Golden Fly," and is said to be both emotional and spectacular. The main character, which is to be played by the authoress, might, according to the description of the piece, be a sort of a happy combination of Stalacta and Louise in the "Two Orphans."

A San Francisco letter says: "It is whispered about the streets that the luck of Wm. Emerson, the Prince of Minstrels, has changed, and that he is rapidly disposing of his real estate. When he came back from Australia laden with colonial gold, earned at the theatre and won on race tracks, he was the most envied of men. But it seems that his old-time gift of guessing winners does not abide with him, and he has dropped a small fortune. His venture at the Standard was not a success financially, and William's princely way of buying first choice and ordering one more plate of Roederer requires a constant stream of gold to sustain. However, he can command a salary of \$500 a week whenever he wants to work, so he need not dread the almshouse if he is careful."

On an early morning last week Johnnie Shine, an English theatrical man here on a visit, was reminiscing with Maurice Barrymore in a Broadway (New York) cafe, and at another table were sitting a group of men who bore all outward and visible signs of gentlemen. They began to make themselves very unpleasant, and gazed the aforesaid eminent artists to such an extent that some one asked the proprietor to interfere, which he did, and got for answer that they would "wait outside." When the two actors had finished their meal they started to go out, and met the swell mob, and very politely asked which two were ready for the fray. Eventually Mr. Van Brunt, nephew of the learned judge, announced himself as the champion, and put up his hands, with the result that he was promptly knocked down; he came to time and twice was the knock-down given to him, when he said he had had enough, and a glance at what had once been his face rather justified his opinion, for his eyes were laid open, and altogether he was not a pretty sight to look upon. However, he had been undoubtedly game, and visiting cards were exchanged, and Barrymore was introduced as the ex-amateur middle-weight champion of England. "Well, well," remarked the now visibly swelling pugilist, "after all, it's no disgrace."

I hear that consumption has got a confirmed grip on poor Cyril Searle, who was leading man a short time ago with Rose Eyttinge, and who subsequently married that lady, and after a brief experience of her violent and uncontrolled temper, was glad to separate quietly from the fair Rose. He is now dying at Havana, where he went a few months since to combat with the fell destroyer. To anyone who saw the man as I saw him only a short time years back, full of manly vigor, physically powerful and overflowing with animal spirits, it seems strange that this should be the end. It was said at times that during her Southwestern tour, after the marriage at New Orleans, Searle was in the habit of administering physical correction to the fair star, and that Rose, on the other hand, did not receive these attentions with the same despairing resignation to which she accustomed the public in the role of Nancy on the boards. The best character that Searle ever played was that of *Bill Sikes* while with Miss Eyttinge. That lady objected to a similar realistic performance, so the story goes, in private life, and so the separation came about. I am sorry for poor Searle.

Mrs. McKee Rankin is domiciled in Detroit, where she will devote herself to preparing ladies for the stage and to superintending amateur theatricals.

The "Black Crook" Company now on the road has a ballet of six. They play one night stands and no return dates. That's where they are wise.

Ed. E. Kidder's new farce-comedy, "On the Stage," is laid in popular lines. One act depicts life in a New York tenement house. Another is devoted to knocking on the head our choicest stage illusions—done in the most amusing way, while the third act presents what Kidder claims to be the most original burlesque of "Romeo and Juliet" ever written. Leon plays *Pomona Follies* *Pomery*, a stage-struck society girl, while Frank Cushman embodies an aggravating call boy, *Kick* by name.

Fay Templeton, who disappeared from New York like a bubble from the surface of the theatrical pond, is now singing leading parts in the stock burlesque

company at the Gaiety theatre in London. What is lost to the New York make believe English dudes is gain to the real article.

There is very little flirting done by any of the members of McCaull's companies, and those who indulge in any silly actions of the kind are "cut" by the others and are sure to be found out and discharged sooner or later.

The Janish Company has collapsed once more. Madam Janish's receipts were mortgaged in advance to pay for \$5,000 worth of wardrobe, then she had two servants, and her hotel bills footed up \$150 per week, and—the receipts ran from \$90 to \$150 per night. It was only a question of time. She is looking for a fresh backer.

A manager who has evidently been there asks us to warn his brother managers who are booking through Ohio. He complains that a number of opera houses in small towns are managed by hotel keepers, who run the theatre as a feeder to the hotel. In other words, they work three to five companies a week (the town will hardly pay one troupe per week) for the sake of getting hotel bills out of the members. It is an old story.

I don't remember seeing any American play make such a marked and instantaneous hit on its first presentation as John W. Keller's "Tangled Lives" did at the Fifth Avenue Theatre the other night. The drama is strong, admirably written, full of interest and rich in comedy effect. My friend Keller deserves all the fame he has acquired in the provinces, and on which the New York critics were apt to smile with incredulity until they saw the play for themselves. Curiously enough, the one weak spot in the performance was Mantell's acting. The character deserved a much worthier and less ranting impersonator. Robert's voice and walk are very disagreeable, and he mouthed Keller's simple lines to such an extent that he made them sound like fustian—which they aren't by a good deal. I never realized how really commonplace and overrated an actor Mantell is until I saw him doing so much better to so excellent a play.

Funny is no name for it. I mean Nat Goodwin's new play, "Turned Up." I haven't laughed so much in years as I did at Nat's appearance as the half-drowned victim of a chuck into the Thames. The complications of the farce are indescribably droll, and if it doesn't run three months, but me down as the historical Dutchman.

"Gorgeous" Helen Barry, who will be remembered in this country as the most gigantic actress that has ever been seen on the American stage, has contracted another matrimonial alliance (her fourth), is about to appear in London in a new play written for her by a well known author, and will probably thereafter make another professional expedition across the Atlantic.

Mrs. George Brotherton, wife of the manager of the Temple Theatre, Philadelphia, died on Monday last of paralysis, aged thirty-five. Mrs. Brotherton took a deep interest in her husband's business, and the exquisite furnishings of his theatre are due to her taste and judgment.

This was Bartley Campbell's estate: Two pieces of real estate, which cost \$40,000 and were mortgaged by Mr. Campbell for \$30,500, besides which were found accrued taxes of \$508, mechanics' liens of \$300 and a mortgage of future rents of \$1,500. This was the dramatist's real estate. His personal estate consisted of: First—"The White Slave," appraised at \$1,500—the proceeds mortgaged for \$1,000 and accrued liabilities to the lithographers and others of \$1,300. Second—"Clilo," mortgaged in Jersey City in November to secure a loan of \$500, and in Chicago in March to secure a loan of \$750; effects and scenery held by the Old Colony Steamship Company under carrier's lien; accrued expenses unpaid, \$3,100. Third—Six other plays of Mr. Campbell's which had failed at different places, and the manuscripts of which possessed no particular value. Fourth—Cash, \$4.50. Fifth—Lease of the Fourteenth Street theatre, pledged to landlord for \$4,800, and landlord in personal possession until it should be paid.

Mr. J. Cheever Goodwin, who is at present with a New street brokerage firm, still employs his leisure moments in dramatic writing. He has written an English version of the opera "Le Bearnaise" for Col. McCaull, and is now busy in arranging "Pippins" for production at the Bijou Opera House.

Miss Gertrude Griswold, the handsome niece of beautee chinee Bret Harle, and the only American lady who ever received a first prize at the Paris Conservatoire, will make her American debut with John A. McCaull's company at the Chicago Opera House about two weeks hence. Her first appearance will be as Marianna in Don Cesar, with Perugini in the title role. She will be the operatic event of the season. She commenced her rehearsals a couple of weeks ago, and those who were within earshot, predict that a genuine surprise is in store for musical circles.

"Ned" Thorne, the well-known actor, who made a big hit in the "Black Flag," is one of the practical jokers of the day. His sister is the wife of John Chamberlain, of Washington, the well-known club-house man and caterer. Thorne was here a few days ago and went to the Hotel Brunswick with two or three friends for lunch, when he discovered Chamberlain in an adjoining cafe, and remarked to his companions that he proposed to have some fun with him. Thorne called for a telegraph blank, on which he wrote as follows:

MRS. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, WASHINGTON, D. C.—John at this moment is dining with a beautiful woman at the Hotel Brunswick. Shall I interfere?

On the back of the dispatch he wrote: DEAR JOHN—Unless we get a bottle for our table at once this dispatch will be filed for transmission.

A waiter was sent with this dispatch to Mr. Chamberlain, who promptly caught on to the joker's work and said to the waiter: "Give those gentlemen out there anything they want, from a bottle to a basket and charge it to me, but notify 'Ned' Thorne that I will have him arrested in the morning for blackmailing."

WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

Robbed of Her Treasures.

An unknown tramp the other morning entered the residence of Augustin Wentzel at Boyertown, Pa., and, seizing Mr. Wentzel's daughter, Della, aged sixteen years, who was alone in the house, he held a cloth saturated with chloroform to her face. She soon became unconscious and when she recovered a half hour later, she found that the villain had cut off her luxuriant tresses, which had hung nearly to her hips. Miss Wentzel suffered no other violence. She at once gave the alarm and searching parties were immediately formed to hunt for the unknown criminal.

Temperance Orators Mobbed.

A special from Greenville, Ala., reports the mobbing of Col. Cheves, of Kentucky, and Mr. Beauchamp, of Georgia, at the hands of Mayor Perry, aided by a mob of citizens. A prohibition election occurred in that place a few days ago. The gentlemen named were invited there as speakers and canvassers for the "dry" ticket. The election went wet. The anti-liquor possession of the town, and as the temperance evangelists were taking the train for Montgomery, Mayor Perry, with the town marshal and others, attacked Cheves with clubs and brass knuckles. Beauchamp drew his pistol to defend his friend. Both men escaped by jumping on the moving train.

Many Women at the Polls.

Winslow and license is the result of the hardest fought municipal campaign ever known in Worcester, Mass. The fight began more than three months ago, and has waxed hotter steadily, resulting in the heaviest vote ever cast. The real issue was the liquor question.

In every one of the nineteen polling places from ten to twenty women were in constant attendance working in the interests of no license, and freely dispensing coffee and sandwiches. There were representatives of some of the wealthiest families in the city among the ladies, some of them wearing seals in sashes. In one precinct the Rev. D. O. Mears, D. D., peddled no-license votes, and presided over a big pot of coffee from morning till night. Every man who voted had to march past a line of women to reach the ballot boxes, and in one of the churches the Women's Christian Temperance Union was in continuous session from 8 A. M. till 4 P. M. praying for the success of the no-license cause.

A Bride Attempts Suicide.

On Tuesday week last James Egan, a workman at Holmes, Booth & Hayden's factory, Waterbury, Conn., induced Mrs. Nellie Welch, an attractive widow, who keeps a store in the Brooklyn district, to go with him to New York. The house had been denied him by her brothers, John and Michael Holahan, with whom she had conducted the business since her husband's death, but Egan managed in some way to see her and get her to leave her four-year-old boy and go with him. They returned last night, and Egan announced that they had been married in New York by a Protestant clergyman, although she was a devout Catholic. The brothers then ejected Egan from the house, and scolded their sister until she was in a hysterical condition. Then, seizing a butcher knife, she made a slash at her throat, but was stopped in time. After that one of her brothers was with her constantly until noon the next day, when, during their absence, she obtained a razor, and cut five ugly gashes in her throat. She had lost much blood before a physician could arrive and sew up the wounds, one of which was deep enough to prove fatal. When she recovered her senses she endeavored to tear the wounds open, declaring that she would not live after such a disgrace.

Raiding a Prize Fight.

About 100 persons gathered in the second story of an unoccupied building at Camden, N. J., early the other morning, at the invitation of a well known local sportsman, to witness a prize fight between two well known middle-weight fighters of Philadelphia. They were Billy Yeager and George Hagen. The seventeenth round saw Yeager forcing the fighting, but Hagen got in a stunning blow and exchanges followed. At this moment Lieut. Stehr, with 27 officers, had surrounded the building, broke down the door and stood on guard at the bottom of the stairs. In a second all was confusion. The referee decided the fight in favor of Hagen, who went to the scratch for the eighteenth round, while Yeager had run for his clothing. The principals escaped into an attic above, where they remained until all became quiet, when they made their escape. The excitement was intense. The spectators were secured by officers and placed within a corner guarded by policemen with drawn revolvers. Twelve persons were then marched to the City Hall. Among those captured was the County Prosecutor of Cape May County, three prominent lawyers, two physicians and many prominent business men, who were held by the Mayor for their appearance at court, when wanted, on their own recognizances.

Banishment Did Not Cure Him.

Episcopal circles in St. John, N. B., are agitated over the fall from grace of Rev. Wm. Almon Desbrisay, rector of St. Martin's. He is one of a family of preachers and lawyers, all brilliant and eloquent men. Wm. Almon is the ablest of that family, but he contracted an unquerable appetite for drink. Some years ago he was relieved from his appointment in the provinces and banished to Sable Island as missionary in charge of that desolate graveyard of the North Atlantic Ocean, the dismal scene of so many great catastrophes. His new parish was a barren sand bank three miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide, and even that small area is being constantly washed away by the sea. His congregation consisted of twenty persons attached to the life-saving service. Absolute prohibition reigns there except when a vessel is wrecked with liquors on board, when all hands are said to help themselves.

The reverend gentleman spent some years in exile in this lonely spot and it was fondly hoped had conquered his appetite. Two years ago he came back to civilization and delivered a series of exceedingly interesting lectures in Halifax on the weird story of Sable Island. Subsequently he was appointed to the rectorship of St. Martin's, where he for months captivated his congregation by his eloquence. One Sunday morning he left the pulpit in what his congregation supposed was a state of intoxication. The next Sunday he was too drunk to preach. Then he came to St. John on a regular spree. He will be tried ecclesiastically.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Miss Rolling's Pistol.

For some little time past a young man who gave his name as Julius Peterson has been conducting a little variety store on George street, New Haven. He gave up business very suddenly last week, immediately after a young woman came into his shop and talked with him very energetically for a few minutes, flourishing a formidable looking weapon the while.

Peterson hails from Meriden, it is thought, as he had an idea, he said, that business would prove better there than in the latter place. He was accompanied by a very good-looking little woman, whom he addressed as Jennie and who said that she was his wife.

Peterson was all alone in his shop Wednesday noon when a young lady, evidently about twenty-two years of age, entered. The young lady's manner was indicative of great excitement. She marched straight up to Peterson and glared at him for a moment. In entering she had neglected to close the door and her first words sufficed to draw a number of passers-by to the scene.

"So I have found you at last, have I?" she remarked in tones trembling with a fury that seemed to have complete control over her.

"Why, Marie, where upon earth did you come from?" exclaimed young Peterson, who seemed to be disagreeably surprised at her sudden appearance.

"Where did I come from?" the girl hissed. "No matter where I came from. I have found you, and now I want to know if you are going to keep your promise to me. If you don't I'll do something," and the young woman drew a revolver from beneath her cloak and coolly proceeded to cock it.

"For mercy's sake, Marie!" gasped the shopkeeper, "put that gun down or I'll call the police."

"Do it!" almost screamed the enraged woman. "Do it, and I'll have you arrested for betraying me."

The shopkeeper besought the girl to be quiet and managed to close the door. The two then adjourned to the little room back of the shop. In a half hour the young woman called Marie came out apparently a trifle perturbed in spirit, and when questioned by a reporter who had been informed of the little scene with the revolver, stated that Peterson had promised to marry her several months ago. She then lived in Norwich, she said. Peterson had gained her confidence and had abused it, and, to fittingly cap the climax to his atrocious deeds he had dared to run away with her friend Jennie Ludeley.

The young lady gave her name as Marie Rolling. She said that she worked in a factory in Norwich when Peterson eloped with Jennie. She left her employment and started after them and at length got word that the couple were in Meriden. Peterson, however, heard that she was looking for him and left for New Haven in the night. She thought that he had gone to New York, but by a mere accident she learned that he was there.

Peterson had told her, she stated, that he was not married to Jennie and had assured her that he would meet her that night and would make satisfactory arrangements with her. The young woman inquired where she could find a lodging house and was referred to a boarding house on State street. Peterson refused to be interviewed concerning the matter. He said that the woman must be insane, as he had never met her but twice before in his life.

The same afternoon Peterson commenced to pack up his goods for shipment and that evening he took the train East in company with the young woman who had threatened him with the revolver. How he arranged matters with the other woman is a matter of conjecture. The latter took a North-bound train several hours after Peterson and Miss Rolling had left town.

A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The other afternoon two young Mexicans, Nicobar Garcia and Cesario Frescas, while under the influence of liquor, became involved in a dispute near Frescas' ranch, a few miles beyond La Mesilla, New Mexico. From high words the enraged men came to blows, in which Garcia had decidedly the advantage. After the struggle was over, Frescas, vowing vengeance against his enemy, walked off a short distance to where his saddled horse was tied. After mounting his horse he coolly unwound his lasso, and putting spurs to the animal came with lightning speed toward Garcia, waving the slip knot end of the lasso high in the air. Garcia, divining his murderous intent endeavored by a series of sudden turns and short runs to elude the fatal noose, but his efforts were in vain. With unerring aim the lasso was hurled, and the body of the doomed man was encircled by the noose. Quick as lightning

the noose was jerked from the body, but not quick enough to prevent its tightening around the wrist of the poor victim. Without in the least checking up the speed of his horse, the murderer sped onward, dragging the body of Garcia over rough stubble fields, stone, brush and brambles. For more than a thousand yards was the poor fellow dragged, and even then the fiend in human form would not have checked up if he had not been forced to do so by some of the neighbors who ran out and brought him to a halt. The sufferings of Garcia can scarcely be described. Notwithstanding the extent of his injuries the poor sufferer lived until the next Sunday afternoon.

The murderer was arrested and lodged in a room in La Mesilla, but on the following morning the room was found vacant, with the door still securely locked, and doubtless Frescas is now in the Republic of Mexico.

BURKING REVIVED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At Baltimore, a woman whose body was brought to the Maryland University on a recent night was Emily Brown, a respectable white woman of fifty-five years, whom dire necessity compelled to take lodgings with a colored woman on Pig alley. The men who brought the body to the University are John T. Ross and Albert Hawkins, who lived in the same house with Emily Brown. Ross met Anderson Perry, the University janitor, on the street. Ross told Perry that he was out of work and had no money.

"Well," said Perry, "you need not be out of money: kill that old white woman at your house, bring her body to the University and I'll give you \$15."

At first Ross was horrified at the idea, but the \$15 was too great a temptation, but he was afraid to attempt the job alone, so he let Albert Hawkins into the secret, who assented to the plan proposed to deliberately murder a poor, helpless woman for \$15. The two fiends watched their chance. The colored woman who owned the house left home Friday morning, to be gone until Saturday. Friday afternoon Ross and Hawkins went to Emily Brown's room. Ross struck the woman on the head with a brick and Hawkins stabbed her. Ross continued to beat her on the head with the brick and Hawkins pounded her chest with his heel until she was dead.

They went to the University, and after telling Perry what they had done, got a sack from him, in which they brought the murdered woman's body to the University that night. Perry took the body to the pickling room, where he shaved off the hair from the woman's head, washed the body, and so disfigured the face and head as to give out the idea that it had been eaten by rats.

WENT TO HER HEAD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Louisville, Ky., society people have talked of nothing recently except a scandalous episode that occurred the other night at the Masonic Temple theatre during the performance of the opera "Don Cesar" by the Thalia Opera Company, of New York. The four private boxes were occupied by a fashionable party of society people, who, before going to the opera, had dined at the Pendergast Club. Wine had flowed freely at the dinner, and at least one of the guests drank more than she could bear. The party arrived late at the theatre in full evening dress, and quickly attracted the attention of the audience. It was not a great while before additional attention was called to the boxes by the singular actions of one of the young ladies. She was the same one who had taken more wine than she could stand at the dinner, and was manifestly intoxicated. Her behavior aroused mingled pity and sorrow. She hung far out of the box and called in loud and flippant tones to persons whom she recognized in the audience. She also pelted the musical director with buds from her bouquet and gaped the players mercilessly.

Her behavior was so untoward that Manager Bourles was on the point of having the curtain rung down when several gentlemen, who were in the party went to him and protested. They told him that she had unfortunately taken a little too much wine and was not responsible for her actions. The unfortunate young lady kept up her singular behavior until the finish of the performance, and to-day she is the talk of the town. She is from Cleveland, Ohio, and is said to be an heiress. She is visiting some well-known society people in Louisville. The affair is deeply deplored.

THEY TOOK IT ALL IN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of our full page illustrations this week depicts the visit of a batch of ministers to the stage of the Columbia Theatre, Chicago, at the invitation of Manager Charles E. Locke of the American Opera Company.

MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A young lady correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE, at Harrold, Texas, writes as follows:

Three young society gentlemen, Dr. Simpson, Mr. Gaylung and Mr. Jimmy Baker, fluting a recent Sunday very dull and time passing so slow on their hands thought they would find some amusement by visiting some verdant maids about three miles from town.

They bled them to the livery stable and hired a phaeton and a gentle black horse.

On arriving at the house they were somewhat disappointed to find the male portion of the family at home, but nothing daunted they approached the house secretly and succeeded in inducing two of the girls to come out, and were standing talking to them, when lo, and behold, as though an earthquake had taken place, something whizzed by their ears, and upon turning around were confronted by three men armed with six-shooters, Winchester, and shot-guns.

The city dudes quickly took in the situation, and concluded, "Discretion was the better part of valor," and thought "Legs do your duty." They waited not for a parting kiss nor a tender farewell from the verdant sweethearts, but immediately began an exciting race for life and to reach that phaeton.

Jimmy, being the handsomest man in the crowd, strained every nerve and muscle; reached the phaeton first, and, grasping the reins and whip, prepared to desert his unfortunate comrades, but coming in contact with a clothesline it brought their gentle horse down on his knees and stopped Jimmy's flight. This unforeseen accident gave Mr. Gaylung time to clutch the wheels and scramble into the flying vehicle. Poor Dr. Simpson, with shots falling thick and fast around him becoming desperate, made one maddened leap, as it

were, "The leap for life,"—for the horse. It being his last and only chance, he succeeded in grasping the snaffle. With an almost superhuman effort he threw himself astride the horse with the loss of part of an elegant broadcloth overcoat which caught in the harness. Now began the fun. Thicker and thicker whizzed the bullets. Jimmy frantically wielding the whip, faster and faster fell the blows on Dr. Simpson's legs, but he never heeded. Coming in sight of town they sought a private place to compare results. Upon examination poor Dr. S's legs were found to be badly bruised from the free use of the whip. The other two being more fortunate, escaped without a scratch, but badly scared.

TRAMPS STRIKE AND SEIZE A BUILDING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

When the tramps in the Lancaster county, Pa., workhouse were ordered to go to work at breaking stone on Dec. 15 forty-eight of the nearly 600 inmates refused to obey, demanding roast beef and a vegetable soup for dinner. They complained that their food was poor in quality and insufficient in quantity, and that the straw which they are compelled to lie on is filled with vermin, all of which is denied by the officials. The strikers got into a riot with the tramps who refused to join them, and serious results were prevented only by Watchman Kepplinger rushing in among them with a revolver and threatening to shoot. The strikers took possession of the miserable building which serves to cover them at night in the workhouse yard and, armed with clubs and stones, they swear they will hold it and will not work until their demands are complied with. The tramps who refused to join the strikers have been removed to another building and a large number of city policemen are guarding the workhouse inclosure, fearing that the desperadoes may attempt to scale the walls. The tramps will be starved into subjection.

HE WALKED ON THE WATER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Alphonzo King, who claims to be able to walk upon the water, made a successful attempt to walk from Liberty Island to the sea wall of the Battery the other morning. The trip was made under the supervision of Col. W. E. Harding, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who was accompanied by Harry Webb, the trainer of King. In a small skiff the party set out from Castle Garden at 5.30 o'clock, and in fifteen minutes the water pedestrian was fully equipped for the journey.

The morning was intensely cold and the water rough. King incased his feet in fixtures resembling a miniature canal boat. The shoes are each 32 inches long, 8 inches wide and 9 inches deep. On the bottom of each is a contrivance resembling the fins of a fish, and with a forward movement it takes hold on the water, thus allowing the walker to make headway. The weight of a man on these shoes submerges them to within 2 inches of the top, and the apertures in which the walker's feet are confined are sufficiently large to allow him to release them should an accident occur. Mr. King's former successful attempt was made at Niagara Falls on Nov. 14. He then walked 300 feet and won \$3,000.

WM. H. HEIDER.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Wm. H. Heider, famous wing and rifle shot. He now resides at Chicago, and is open to shoot any man in Illinois.

THOMAS H. HUMPHREY.

[With Portrait.]

Thomas H. Humphrey is one of the fastest roller skaters in New York State. He is 15 years of age and covered 101 miles in 9 hours and 5 minutes.

HARRY BROOKS.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Harry Brooks, the veteran heel and toe walker. Mr. Brooks is a well known manager and has successfully managed several six day pedestrian contests.

CLARK.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Clark, of Glasgow, Scotland, the famous runner who recently arrived in this country. He is one of the most famous runners in Great Britain and he invaded this country to meet all comers.

DELLA FARRELL.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Della Farrell was born at Denver, Colo., in 1870. Although but sixteen years old, Miss Farrell rides wild horses and throws the lariat with the ease of an old time cowboy, among whom she is a general favorite. She is a true type of the Western girl, and is one of the most beautiful young ladies it has been our pleasure to meet. Miss Farrell is now riding in "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West.

ALBERT E. SHEIBLE.

[With Portrait.]

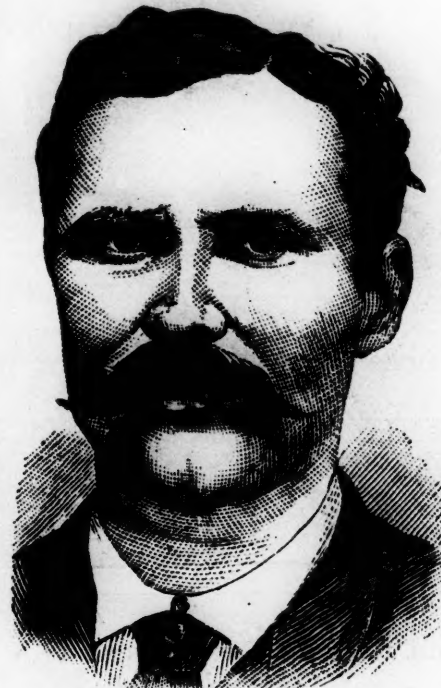
Albert E. Sheible is one of the agents of Buffalo Bill's Wild West, and is now assisting to promote its interests in Madison Square Garden. He has been connected with this entertainment for over three years. Mr. Sheible was for a time Business Agent of Sausbury's Troubadours. He is well known and popular in theatrical circles.

A LUCKY WOMAN.

Another part of a capital prize in The Louisiana State Lottery has been drawn by a ticket held in this city. The lucky person this time is Mrs. Eliza J. Peterson, who lives at 83 Moulton street, Charlestown. The amount received by her a few days ago from the Boston agents of the Southern Express Company was \$15,000, her ticket having been numbered 94,562, which drew one-fifth of the capital prize of \$75,000. Mrs. Peterson's husband, Mr. Thomas Peterson, has been for several years employed by the Government in its rope works at the Charlestown Navy Yard, and is industrious, prudent, and much respected by all who know him. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson live in a modest home, with a family of six children, and this unexpected fortune could scarcely have fallen where it would have been more welcome. The money at present is securely invested, and will be partly devoted by its owners to the education of their children.—Boston (Mass.) Courier, Nov. 28.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



We print above the manly features of Sheriff Boyd, the hero of the terrible affair which took place at Bainbridge, Ky., some two weeks ago, which resulted in the death of William Morrison, who was wanted by the sheriff. The Morrisons made it very hot for the brave officer with revolvers and shotguns, and but for his great courage he would have never lived to tell the tale. The Morrison boys are closely related to Frank and Jesse James, and are considered desperate characters in Kentucky.

Mrs. Cora Eckel Stivers-Murphy.

In this issue we print an excellent portrait of Mrs. Cora Eckel Stivers-Murphy, who is said to have two husbands, one Jerome H. Stivers and the other Thomas Vint Murphy, the twenty-two year old son of ex-Collector Tom Murphy of this port. The other day a couple of Inspector Byrnes' clever detectives arrested Murphy at the Gedney House, in this city, on the charge of swindling a hotel keeper with a queer check. The daily papers have for some weeks past given the record and the doings of Mrs. Murphy with very racy details.

Theodore S. Mize.

Estimates of the delinquency of Theodore S. Mize, of Chicago, make the matter worse than at first stated, the amount being now placed at \$112,000. The developments reveal a state of affairs and in the extreme—a whole family ruined by the recklessness of a son who has brought a gray-haired father from affluence to poverty; from health almost to the verge of the grave. The homestead of the aged parents, the home of the sister and brother-in-law, the residence of the embezzler, the jewels of his very birthright and heritage, all have gone to satisfy the claim of Mize's employer and save the son from the penitentiary.

Transfers to Mr. Ames have been recorded for all the property enumerated, and Theodore S. Mize, jointly with his father, has signed away all right and title to the share of the father's property that would revert to him by the provisions of the father's will, already made. The brother of Mize, who is in Atchison, Kan., also came to his assistance.

J. L. Remington.

J. L. Remington, who has been a contractor at Colt's factory at Hartford, Conn., has been missing from Hartford since last week, when it was discovered that Remington's tenement had been vacated. Subsequently some of Remington's lodge members learned that an expressman had removed the household goods to the cars, and that the goods were consigned to another name in Montreal. Remington's wife seems to have disappeared as suddenly as her husband, and it is probable that by this time both are in Canada.

Mr. Remington was a prominent officer in the Knights of Pythias, Washington Lodge, and handled all the funds. A committee of the lodge found that of the funds in the three banks named, Remington had, they alleged, taken for his own use about \$1,700, leaving a balance in each bank, which makes the lodge financially all right, but considerably weakened.

The members of the lodge gave him a "surprise party" at his residence a month ago to testify their appreciation of him as a man and an officer of the order.

The Barnes Brothers.

The exposure of the Barnes brothers, the liquor "spotters," who figured in the prosecutions in the State of Rhode Island under the Prohibitory law, is the sensation of the day. They admitted to the liquor dealers of Newport that they had testified falsely and had received \$2,200 from the liquor interest in Chicago during their absence from the State in October last. They promised for \$3,000 cash to leave the State and not return, but the money was not paid over.

They denied under oath that they had had any money transactions with liquor dealers, and four-fifths of the people of the State believed their testimony and thought that the perjury was on the side of the liquor men. Their exposure is the result of a plan of Newport dealers, aided by Newport newspaper men who were present at the interview in concealment and heard everything that was said.

Charles E. Gorman, the attorney for the liquor dealers, obtained from Judge Baker a warrant against the Barnes brothers, charging them with perjury. The warrant was placed in the hands of the sheriff, to be served if possible.

The Barnes brothers were expected at Newport last week to give testimony in a case before the Supreme Court. It is believed that they left the State by a midnight train for this city.



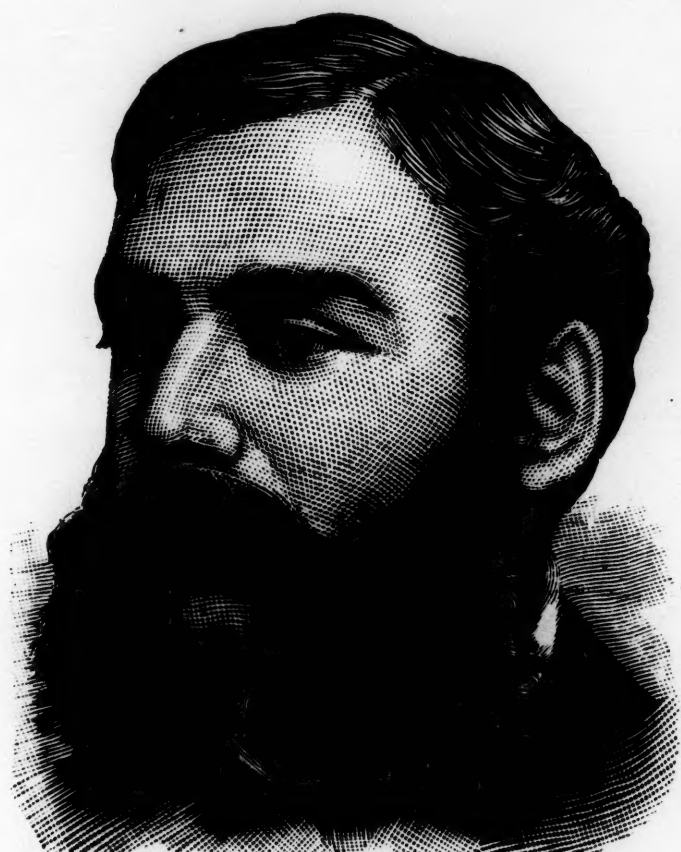
A SUICIDAL BRIDE.

MRS. JAMES EGAN OF WATERBURY, CT., CUTS HER THROAT BECAUSE HER BROTHERS
RESENT HER BEING MARRIED BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.



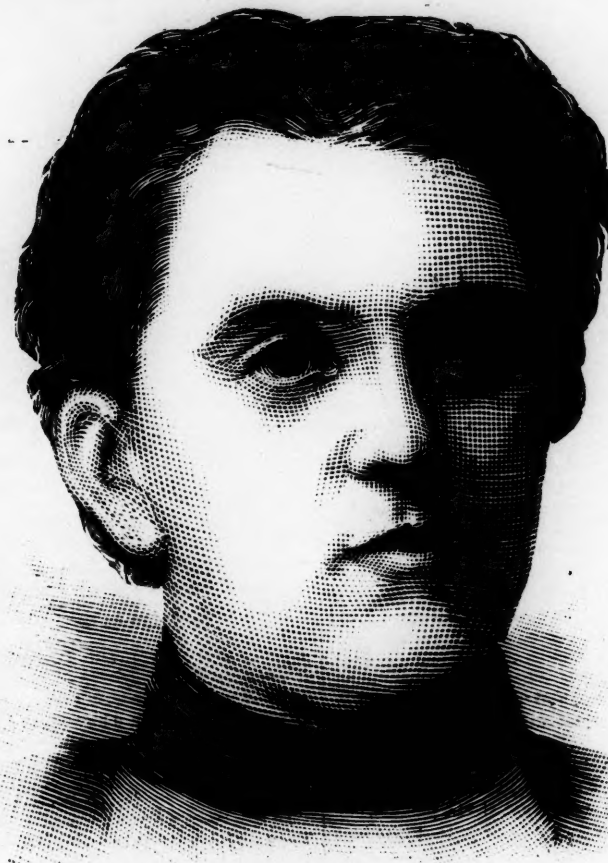
IT WAS A SURPRISE PARTY.

THE CURIOUS AND UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE OF THREE YOUNG SOCIETY SWELLS
IN THE TOWN OF HARROLD, TEXAS.



THEODORE S. MIZE.

THE CHICAGO DEFAULTER WHO IS SAID TO HAVE BANKRUPTED
HIS WHOLE FAMILY.



MRS. CORA E. STIVERS-MURPHY,

CHARGED WITH HAVING TWO KICKING HUSBANDS AND SWIN-
DLING, NEW YORK CITY.



J. L. REMINGTON,

THE CONTRACTOR ALLEGED TO HAVE DEFAULTED LODGE FUNDS
FROM HARTFORD, CONN.



HE WALKED ON THE WATER.

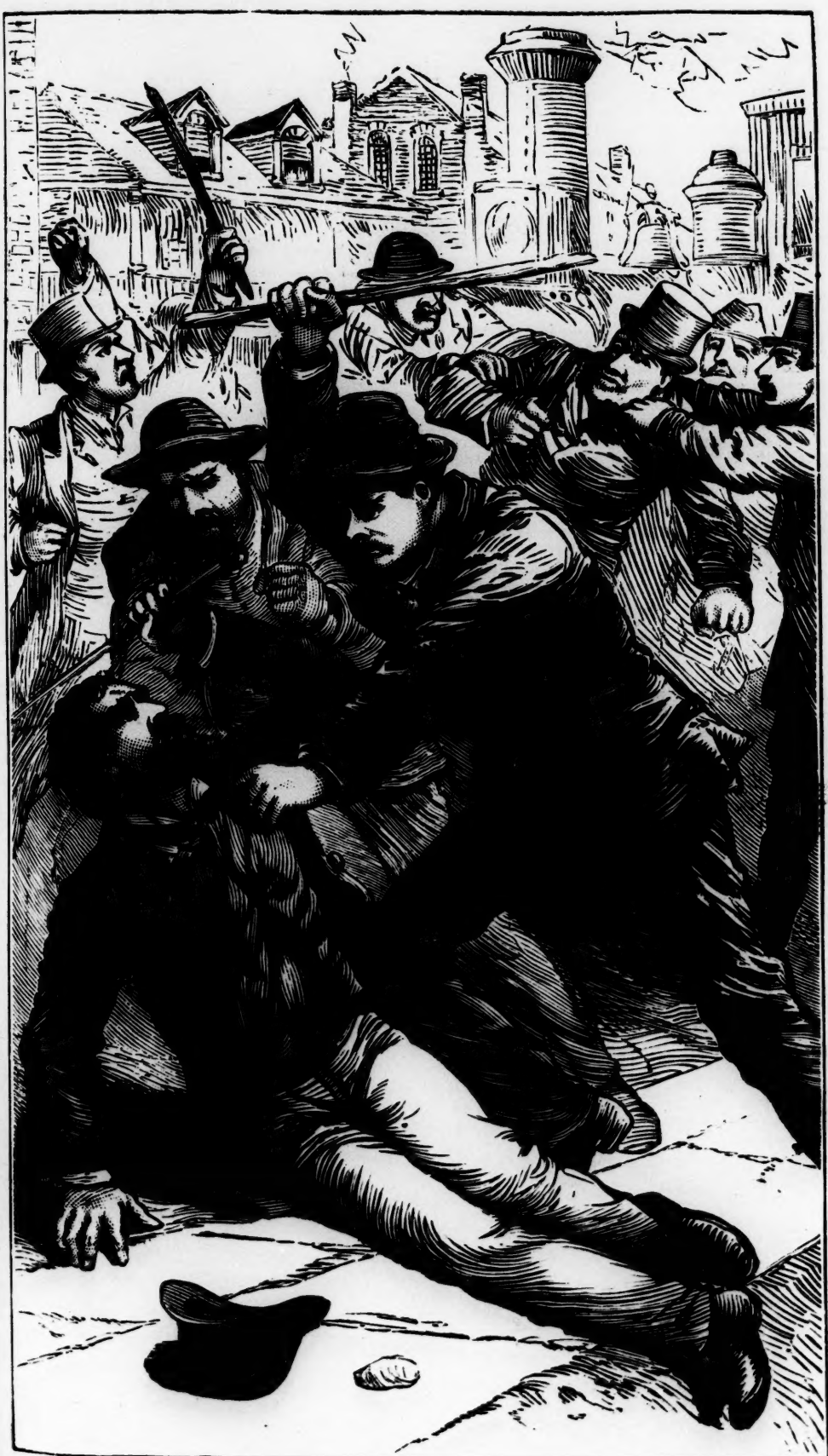
ALFONZO KING, A "POLICE GAZETTE" AQUATIC CHAMPION, TAKES A STROLL ON THE UPPER BAY.



DELLA FERRELL,
THE WONDERFUL GIRL RIDER OF THE WILD WEST SHOW.



ALBERT E. SHEIBLE,
BUSINESS REPRESENTATIVE OF BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.



THE MAYOR LED THE MOB.

COL. CHEVES OF KENTUCKY AND MR. BEAUCHAMP OF GEORGIA ARE ROUGHLY
HANDLED BY ANTI-PROHIBITIONISTS AT GREENVILLE, ALA.



ROBBED OF HER HAIR.
AN UNKNOWN RUFFIAN CUTS OFF THE TRESSES OF DELLA WENTZEL AT
BOYERTOWN, PA.



WALDO E. BARNES, JR.
ONE OF THE LIQUOR SPOTTERS CAUGHT IN A
TRAP BY THE DEALERS, NEWPORT, R. I.



THEODORE S. BARNES,
A BROTHER OF WALDO CAUGHT NAPPING BY
THE SALOONISTS AT NEWPORT, R. I.

ONCE MORE.

A Yankee Preacher Gets into a
Decent Family and Knocks
It Endways.

PIOUS PARSON GOODSELL.

He Breaks Up the Household of Brother
Foster in the Regular Approved
Clerical Fashion.

The developments in the divorce suit of Foster against Foster, involving the Rev. Charles L. Goodsell, of the Broadway M. E. Church, of Providence, R. I., have more than surprised a public who were prepared for a surprise. The evidence in the case has, owing to its nature, only been partly published in the local papers. The novel feature of the case is the performance of the marriage ceremony by Mr. Goodsell between himself and Mrs. Foster. According to Mrs. Foster's confession to her husband she refused to submit to the advances of her pastor. He then threatened to kill himself, and when this menace proved unavailing he brought to her house a book of church discipline, read the marriage service to her, put a golden ring on her finger, and declared that he (Mr. Goodsell) and she were man and wife, and that from that time they maintained toward each other the relations of



Marrying her to himself.

husband and wife. Another interesting piece of evidence was that, when Mr. Foster went to New York on business, as the New York boat passed his summer residence at Mount Hope, Mrs. Foster would burn red fire in front of the house, the red fire being at once a salute to her departing husband and a signal to her reverent lover that the husband was going away. The couple according to the testimony, seem to have acted with extreme carelessness, and to have given the servants every opportunity to acquaint themselves with the intimacy.

The case of Mrs. Goodsell against her husband is to be tried very soon. It is said that much new testimony will be introduced. James M. Ripley appears for Mr. Goodsell and Walter B. Vincent for Mrs. Goodsell. It is reported that Mr. Goodsell will endeavor to prove that Mrs. Foster was insane at the time of making her alleged confession to her husband, and that she imagined circumstances which never occurred. Public opinion is at present decidedly adverse to Mr. Goodsell, although somewhat in his favor before the Foster hearing. The adverse feeling is grounded not only on the gravity of the essential charge, but chiefly on the methods by which, according to Mrs. Foster, he obtained possession of the wife of his intimate friend and Sunday school superintendent.

There is some talk of an indictment against Mr. Goodsell for criminality with Mrs. Foster, the offence being punishable under the laws of Rhode Island by one year's imprisonment. It is seldom prosecuted unless private complaint is made to the authorities, but



The red fire signal.

owing to Mr. Goodsell's high position, his peculiar privileges as a Christian minister, and the intemperate manner in which, according to Mrs. Foster, he brought her under his control, there is serious discussion of making an example that will be a warning to others in a like situation. As the alleged crimes were committed in Bristol County, the prosecution, if instituted, would have to be instituted in that county, where Mr. Foster's summer house is situated.

It is said that doctors will testify that Mrs. Goodsell became an invalid while living with Mr. Goodsell, who is a very robust and able-bodied man. Some of the testimony in the Foster case indicated that, if any insanity was displayed, it was in the pursuit of Mrs. Foster. Women crowded the smaller chamber of the Supreme Court the other morning eager to hear the details of the scandal.

Mr. Goodsell, who has not spoken from the pulpit since the charges were made against him, was present through it all, and as witnesses testified directly to his criminal relations with Mrs. Foster a deep flush would overspread his face, and dying away, leave him almost pale by contrast. This case is Janus-faced.

At the assignment of the docket on Monday the Foster case was set down for earlier trial, and the application of Mrs. Goodsell for divorce from her husband will be considered next week. A little time was



Slipping the note in the preacher's hand.

consumed in an endeavor of counsel to secure a reversal in the order of trial, but this was unsuccessful. Then the court called the case of Theodore W. Foster vs. Mary T. Foster.

The petitioner took the stand and swore that he had resided in Rhode Island thirty-three years; he was married to Mary T. Foster in 1863, and had been a faithful husband; he was first led to doubt her faithfulness by her confession of adultery with Rev. C. L. Goodsell in Providence and Bristol; that he first began her attention in the vestry of the church by holding her hand; the next thing he called at her house and kissed her hand; then he put his arm around her waist and asked her to be his sister, saying that he had no sister, and he was glad to find a sister; then he said, "You don't love your husband and I do not love my wife," she said "Yes," then said he, "We are married in heaven, and if you do not consent to my proposals I shall kill myself." He left her to consider it over night; the next day she visited Mr. Goodsell's house and while talking with his wife she slipped a note into Mr. Goodsell's hand, which said, "I cannot consent to your proposal."

The next day Mr. Goodsell came to his (Foster's) house, and producing a ring and a copy of the "Discipline," he put the ring on Mrs. Foster's finger, read the marriage service to her, declared that they were married, and in his (Foster's) parlor accomplished her ruin at various times; after that he repeated his conduct in that parlor. Goodsell said that owing to his engagement at a prayer meeting he could not go to the dock to see Mrs. Foster off on the boat and after the family had gone to bed he, Goodsell, came to her room and remained there until daylight. The next time the petitioner went away to be gone over night Mrs. Foster went to Goodsell's room, which was over hers, and remained a portion of the night. After the family returned from Bristol the offence was committed in his (Foster's) parlor. The witness said that at first he declined to hear what his wife had to say or to believe it, but a week after she repeated the assertions concerning Mr. Goodsell.



The picnic in the woods.

The remainder of his testimony related to his offer of money and the use of his horse, carriage and house to "Charlie," who had become very familiar at his house. The families were very intimate and he had the greatest confidence in Mr. Goodsell.

Katie J. Morrissey, a domestic for Mr. Foster, swore that she saw Mr. Goodsell come to the house on many occasions, and always when Mr. Foster was away. One day in 1885 Mrs. Foster said to her that she expected a lady who was to rehearse some music for a parlor concert and that she did not want to be disturbed. Later that morning the marketman came,

and, while waiting for Mr. Foster, the witness went into the front parlor without knocking. She found the blinds closed and the windows drawn, so that it was very dark, but on the sofa close by the door she saw Mrs. Foster and Mr. Goodsell. Mrs. Foster followed the witness to the hallway, and was greatly confused, hardly knowing what to do. Mr. Goodsell remained in the parlor until after the marketman was given his order and had gone.

In Bristol Mrs. Foster had egg nog made for her, and when Mr. Goodsell was there she ordered that the double-yolked eggs should go into his glass. She frequently saw Mrs. Foster and Mr. Goodsell go out into the woods, and often she was in his room, assisting him in writing his sermons, as she said. Once she sent the witness and her sister to the city to go to a show and paid all the expenses. Mr. Goodsell was at the house all that day. The witness next told of a time

time afterward Mrs. Foster came upstairs and was greatly excited and bathed her face, which was flushed. She said to the witness, "You are the right one to go to the door." The parlor was darkened at her request. Mrs. Foster always made a marked change in her dress when Mr. Goodsell called, always wearing a loose wrapper. She never wore the wrapper except on these occasions.

Edith L. Smith, a young girl, testified to seeing



Sending them to the theatre.

Goodsell and Mrs. Foster in a compromising position when she called to see one of the Foster girls.

Charles E. D. Platt, of Bristol, testified that he was at Bristol a year ago last summer. He saw Mr. Goodsell and Mrs. Foster on two occasions walking along the side of Mount Hope. The first time Mr. Goodsell had his arm about her waist. On the second occasion he saw them in about the same place. He followed them along the side of the mountain and finally saw them sit down on the grass. He watched them from behind a tree and saw Mrs. Foster sit down in Mr. Goodsell's lap, and saw him taking improper liberties with her. The witness testified in detail to the circumstances of the criminal intercourse.

This closed the testimony, and the case was held for advisement pending the hearing on the Goodsell-Goodell case, Mrs. Foster, who is in New Hampshire, making no appearance.

The Latest Thing in Bustles.

United States Revenue Officer Gibbs arrived in Jacksonville the other evening from Tampa, Fla., having in his possession a crescent-shaped tin can holding one gallon and filled with Jamaica rum, which was found upon the person of a woman. The can was worn as a bustle. The woman, passing from a stateroom on a Jamaica steamship lying at Tampa dock to a hotel several times, aroused suspicion that she was a smuggler, and it was found that many gallons of rum were thus transferred from her room to the hotel at a saving of \$2 per trip in the way of duty.

An Embezzler Must Settle.

From the latter part of March, 1879, to the middle of August, 1886, John F. Murch had sole charge of the New York office of the J. O. Smith Manufacturing company of Middletown, Conn. The firm claimed that Murch had rendered a false account and had misappropriated \$14,331.96. Recently a suit was brought in the Common Pleas Court to recover the amount. Murch failed to file an answer and Judge Van Hoesen ordered that judgment be entered for the company the amount to be assessed by a sheriff's jury.

He Crushed his Skull for a Dollar.

A young man named Dykman Romer, who bears a bad reputation, was lodged in jail at Monticello, the other morning. He met Francis Martin, a farmer of the town of Mamakating, in a blacksmith's shop and because Martin refused to lend him a dollar he flew into a rage and struck the farmer on the head with a piece of steel. The blow cut Martin's cheek open and fractured his skull. He is in a delirious and sinking condition, and a fatal result is looked for any moment.

Highwaymen in Texas.

The other evening, as Steve Shaw, stage driver from Weatherford, Tex., to Cleburne by way of Granbury was coming into town, about two miles out, he was halted by highwaymen and relieved of the mail pouch. Mr. Shaw says the robbers had pistols and were walking, wearing dark masks made out of black cloth. He tried to recognize their voices, but could not. They were medium-sized men and talked as if they meant business, commanding him to halt and



He wanted her to be his sister.

throw up his hands, which he did. They told him to give up his money, to which he replied that he did not have but a quarter or two, which they let him keep. They then told him to give them the mail sack and drive on. He says he handed them the mail sack and started to ask them if they were going to give him back the mail sack, but when he had just spoken the word "Are you going to—" one of them said "I told you to drive on," which he did, coming on to town and reporting to the officers. The place where the robbery occurred is just in the edge of the prairie. Live oaks are near by and from there it is only a short distance into a densely wooded country back to the Brazos River bottom, giving the robbers a fair chance to escape. Nothing has been seen yet of the mail pouch. It is known to have contained several hundred dollars' worth of registered packages. It is thought the robbers belong to the same gang that stopped the Fort Worth and Denver train last week.

NOT PROVEN.

Lady Colin Campbell and His
Lordship Both Declared
Innocent.

THE SPICY CASE CLOSED.

The Jury Refuses to Believe the
Naughty Doings as Seen by
the Watchful Servants.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In the hearing of the Campbell divorce case last week, before Mr. Justice Butt, several witnesses testified that Lady Colin taught factory girls and engaged in mission work among the poor, and that her engagements of this kind kept her employed several times a week from 6 to 10 o'clock in the evening.

Lady Miles produced a book to show that plaintiff and the Duke of Marlborough occupied rooms in opposite ends of the house at Leigh Court and not adjoining as the witnesses for the defense had intimated in their testimony.

The two gatekeepers at Queen Anne's Gate, where the Duke of Marlborough lives when in London, testified that they never saw Lady Colin visit the Duke's house there.

An architect swore that he was unable to see anything through the keyhole in the dining room door in Cadogan place, through which man servant O'Neill testified he saw Lady Colin and the Duke of Marlborough together. Witness gave it as his opinion that it was absolutely impossible to see the floor of the dining room through the keyhole.

The case for Lady Colin Campbell was then closed. The Duke of Marlborough, one of the co-respondents, then took the stand and, in a firm voice, said he never was guilty of adultery or any impropriety with Lady Colin Campbell. Continuing, the Duke of Marlborough said he never made any appointments to meet Lady Colin. He had received from her a few ordinary letters about books. Lady Colin asked witness not to call any more upon her, as Lord Colin disliked to have her receiving male visitors. Witness remarked that it was very absurd and never called again at Cadogan place. Witness did not know where Lady Colin's room at Leigh Court was and never went to her bedroom. He never, as was testified, had been on the Paddington Station platform with her and never was with her at Purfleet.

Upon cross-examination the Duke of Marlborough said the woman with whom he was at Purfleet was Mrs. Perry, a woman of the town, and that they registered and remained at Purfleet as Mr. and Mrs. Terry. Witness declined to name openly the lady seen calling upon him at Queen Anne's Gate, and whom servants had testified they believed was plaintiff. He, however, wrote her name on a bit of paper and handed it to the Judge and counsel for both sides.

Capt. Shaw, C. B., the Chief of the London Fire Brigade, another of the co-respondents, took the stand and testified that he had known Lady Colin's family for many years. His daughter was one of Lady Colin's bridesmaids. His wife always called upon Lord and Lady Colin Campbell when they were in London. The testimony of the man-servant O'Neill that he saw witness and Lady Colin in a compromising position in the dining-room of Cadogan Place, Capt. Shaw pronounced to be an absolute lie. He had never heard a breath of suspicion against Lady Colin's character until her petition for divorce was lodged against Lord Colin.

The case was then adjourned. It is related in the London clubs that the Duke of Marlborough has been watched by no less than eight detectives during the past summer. They were working in the interests of eight suspicious husbands. Since his return to town to attend the Colin Campbell trial five out of the eight detectives are again on the track of the bald-headed little Duke.

On Wednesday Dr. Bird testified that he had a long acquaintance with Lady Miles and the Blood family. He denied that he ever had any other relations with Lady Colin Campbell than those proper between a physician and patient. He had searched his instrument case and had found the letter from Lady Colin to him which Lord Colin's nurse, Annie Duffy, had testified was there. The letter was one which Lady Colin had written when she was ten years of age and was a childish affair. Witness produced the letter. He declared that he had never been at the Bow concert and never heard of the fur coat incident until the trial commenced. Witness attended the concert at Newcross at which Lady Colin sang. He went as one of the audience and sat in the body of the hall. Lady Colin broke down while singing. Witness then took her to his house to procure for her some medicine difficult to obtain elsewhere. Lady Colin left 5 minutes afterwards. It was not true that he caressed plaintiff in the cab. When Lady Miles told him that Lord Colin and his nurse alleged that Lady Colin had had a miscarriage, witness at once pronounced the statement an infamous accusation and said he would withdraw from the case of Lady Colin unless Lord Colin retracted the statement. With reference to the night on which he remained so long at Lady Colin's bedside, he said he had administered opium to her, and while waiting for the outcome fell asleep in an arm-chair. It had been a hospital day and he was very tired. Lord Colin awoke him, but the suggestion that there was any impropriety in witness's conduct was groundless.

The counsel for Gen. Sir William Butler, another of the co-respondents, said he would not call the General because, he submitted, no testimony had been produced which incriminated him and that the stories told by the servants were absurd. The Judge said there was evidence against him. He would say nothing against its strength, but if the General was innocent he ought to come into court and say so.

The Duke of Marlborough's counsel submitted that no testimony had been produced establishing the slightest impropriety between the Duke and Lady Colin.

Capt. Shaw's counsel appealed to the Court to say whether his client was not a witness of truth and honor.

Dr. Bird's counsel contended that there was but one witness to sustain the charge against his client and she was the malicious old woman, Annie Duffy. No man's honor could be secure and the condition of society would be intolerable, if such stories as those of Annie Duffy were to be believed without the strongest possible kind of corroboration.

Mr. Finlay, counsel for Lord Colin, contended that the case of Lady Colin against her husband had been pulverized by the evidence produced by him. If Lady Colin were an accessory with Lady Miles in inventing the charge against Lord Colin, then she was capable of anything.

The foreman announced that he and his fellows had all been to Lord Colin's house, eyeing the keyhole. They found that Neptune Blood was mistaken as to there being drops over the keyhole, and that the architect expert sworn as to the situation of the keyhole and the measurement was contradicted by a juror, who was also an architect. Judge Butt had already asked, during the progress of the case, "Did ever two doctors swear one way that some two doctors called on the other side did not swear, opposite to the first pair?" He now looked as if he wanted to ask, "Did ever two architects agree?" Judge Butt rather betrayed his feelings when told by the foreman that the investigation contradicted a witness. The Judge eagerly interrupted, "O'Neill, I presume?" "No," said the foreman, naming Neptune as the wrong sightseer.

When Mr. Finlay resumed his summing up the outside atmosphere, as well as that surrounding the jury box, was densely foggy. When he concluded a snow storm raged. His speech was an alternation of ingenious fog with powerful storming at the fair ladies, Campbell and Miles, and the co-respondents, none of whom were present.

Mr. Finlay was especially severe on General Butler, who had never appeared. This was certainly an awkward incident, for ever since the Mordaunt case it has become the religion of an English gentleman to swear to anything to absolve a woman's honor. A full report of the advocate's invectives on General Butler, who, it is whispered, had promised his nervous wife, the celebrated painter of "The Roll Call," that he would not be a witness, would fill a column.

Among other things he said were these: "The jury had heard very frequently that Sir William Butler was a gallant and honorable soldier, but a man might be all that without being quite a Joseph on the point of morals, and it appeared to him that a gallant and honorable soldier, who knew that his evidence was vital to the clearing of the character of a woman charged with committing adultery with him, would certainly not be absent. It was not suggested that he had ever been further than Dinan, which was a very short journey. If Sir William Butler could have denied it would have been a sacred duty for him to have done so, but no doubt he was away because his evidence would destroy Lady Colin's case."

"Did they suppose General Butler's counsel had failed to point out, how absolutely essential to Lady Colin it was that he should come forward as a witness? Why then did he not? He was an honorable man and a soldier, and would be fall a lady in such a pinch but that he knew the charge to be true? Also, that if he got into the witness box and denied it he would be guilty of perjury? That was absolutely conclusive as to the case against General Butler."

In his opening Mr. Murphy had eloquently denounced the charge against his client, and had denounced Lord Colin, and all had presumed he was going to call Sir William Butler, but what were the feelings of the jury when they were told that all this tremendous discharge of heavy artillery was merely intended to cover the retreat of the gallant General?

Referring to Lady Colin's literary and other abilities, Mr. Finlay said: "I certainly do not mean to deny that she is fitted to shine in any art. Her conduct in the witness box showed that she is an adept in the dramatic art. I ridicule her attendance at concerts in behalf of the poor. I never heard that charity balls were duller than other balls, and from Lady Colin's diary I see she enjoyed herself immensely. Perhaps charity might, in the present case, be intended to 'cover a multitude of sins,' yet 'charity should begin at home' in the case of a lady who had an invalid husband—at least she should not always be absent from home."

Mr. Finlay seemed to make a great impression on the jury when he said: "If Rose Baer was a perjurer in charging adultery on Lady Colin with Lord Blandford, why, when she was discharged, did Lady Colin's sister obtain for Rose a new situation?" Counsel, however, labored when he attacked the strong point of Lady Colin's case—viz., that nearly all the present charges were known to Lord Colin's solicitors when on the trial in which she obtained the separation, and yet were not brought forward to defeat her claim—and his counsel openly said, "We know nothing to her disadvantage."

Mr. Finlay then took up the Purfleet assignment of the Duke and the lady. He ridiculed the story that the Duke had sworn to about that lady being a Mrs. Perry, of Pimlico. Where was she? Why was she not put into the box? What character had she to lose?

Counsel severely dissected the morality of Lady Colin Campbell's mother, who, knowing the antecedents of the Duke, had sanctified, and, as a witness, defended her young daughter's intimacy with him. He skillfully avoided the threads and shreds of evidence hanging outside its warp and woof. He wove all the best colors for his client in a fabric where, so to speak, logic was his shuttle and the accentuated portions of his shorthand notes his loom.

Ladies Colin and Miles listened with crimsoned faces. Perhaps they had never heard before such eloquent denunciation of themselves. Lord Colin, supported by all his brothers except the Marquis of Lorne, looked incessantly at the jurors. Sir Charles Russell seemed using up half a ream of paper with his notes, and with an air of "Ah, my Scotch! go it! but I have the last word, and on a Saturday, for the jury to meditate upon throughout one whole Sunday."

The seventeenth day of the Colin Campbell case, and the court was crowded to hear the opening of Sir Charles Russell's great speech on behalf of Lady Colin. All the Blood family, except Lady Colin and her brother Neptune, remained away the day when Mr. Finlay made his closing address for Lord Colin, but they were all on hand early in the morning, excepting the old man, who was ill in bed. Lady Colin and Lady Miles came in together, and opposite them sat Sir Philip Miles and Mr. Neptune Blood. Lord Walter Campbell sat beside Mr. Humphries and Lord Colin sat next to his counsel. The end of the case has not yet come, for Sir Charles Russell has still a good deal

left to say on Monday. As he has the last word, he is going to make the best of his advantage. After he concludes, the Judge will sum up and make his charge to the jury, so that a verdict may not be expected before Monday evening or Tuesday. There was a general expectation that Sir Charles Russell would exert himself to the utmost on this occasion, applying all his graces of diction, wit and personal power. He is a handsome man of near sixty, having a face of the best Irish type, an open and genial appearance, while his full and sonorous voice is frequently modulated in the most persuasive tones. In fact, he has all the principal attributes of an attractive and successful advocate. He is far superior to any of his associates or opponents in this case. Mr. Finlay ranks next to him as a speaker, but he is yet a young man, and while he is very earnest, industrious and determined, and possessed of a pleasant voice of rather high register, he has yet to overcome certain crudities of style before he can take rank as a great speaker. He has considerably increased his reputation in this trial with Sir Charles, but might have effected more if he had not been too impetuous at times and more wary of the opposing counsel.

Sir Charles began his address with great deliberation in the morning. He had the whole day to himself, and he plodded along with great patience and particularity, saving his voice and strength for stronger points later on. It is not necessary to give even a synopsis of his speech. What he said may be largely guessed from the character of the evidence given. He began somewhat belligerently: "I opened this case," said he, "as one in a remarkable degree painful. It disclosed a story of the married life of two persons, which was sad in the extreme. I knew that of necessity the defendant in this case must impute to his wife gross adultery and that his advocate must denounce her denial of that infamous charge as perjury, but I did not know that beyond this Lord Colin Campbell's counsel would try to fasten charges on Lady Colin not merely of perjury in her evidence, but of being guilty of conspiracy to subornation of perjury in others. Above all, I did not know that, whatever the misconduct to be alleged against Lady Colin during her married life and after the consummation of the marriage, upon the evidence of a witness called by the husband—evidence taken down in writing—a charge would be made accusing her of an impure life entailing disease actually before the date of the consummation of the marriage." This idea of the cruelty and unreasonableness of Lord Colin in bringing charges against his wife was made the theme for the severest outburst of this portion of his address, and he pressed it with telling effect upon the jury. "I wish to emphasize this fact," said he, "that there is no allegation in the case of Lady Colin suddenly yielding to an evil passion. There has been no case presented of a woman beginning by loving her husband, but gradually having that love undermined by the seducing influence and attractions of one man until she came to forget what she owed to her husband and to herself."

"This is no case in which the conduct of the woman, if the allegations against her are true, can be softened down or mitigated by any reference to sentiment, misguided though it might be. No, it is a case rudely, revoltingly and nakedly put before you of a woman grossly sensuous and guilty of yielding to the gratification of her passions. It is a case of a woman guilty of gross indecencies—indecencies as to time and place and circumstances. The case which has been presented to you is that of a woman ready to yield on any occasion, and I may almost say to the first comer. Well now, who is this woman? Assumed that Lady Colin were the most evil-disposed person—as evil disposed as her husband at this moment in his perverted state of mind has pictured her, to be giving her credit for all the vilest passions and the grossest sensuality—I would ask you, Are there no places in London where guilty men and women can hide their sin and shame and gratify their lust and passions in security? The liberty of life allowed to Lady Colin was accounted for to a great extent by the condition of her husband, and by the fact that Lord Colin was not able to play a husband's part even to the extent of accompanying his wife into society. I argue, indeed, that the very liberty allowed to Lady Colin showed that she was not driven by stress of passion or circumstances to seek gratification in the drawing-room when her husband was overheard, or in the dining-room when her husband was in the drawing-room."

While delivering this passage Sir Charles threw into his voice and manner a fierceness of indignation and of bitter resentment that made the air tremble. The keynote of the defense was brutality, improbability and consequent unreasonableness of the charges against Lady Colin, coupled with her denial and those of the co-respondents.

Sir Charles Russell concluded his argument for Lady Colin Campbell in her divorce suit against her husband on Monday.

The Judge thereupon immediately proceeded to sum up the case for the jury. He said that Lord Colin Campbell denied his wife's charge of infidelity, which depended chiefly on the testimony of Lady Miles. Whatever might be said against Lady Miles by the defense, it must be admitted that she was until lately Lord Colin's friend; that she had done all in her power to discourage the bringing of the action against him, and that she only took Lady Colin's part when she became convinced that unjust charges were to be brought against that lady. The testimony given by the doctors that Mary Watson was *virgo intacta* did not negative the testimony given by Lady Miles that she saw Lord Colin and the girl in such a position as to warrant the belief that the pair were guilty. Suspicion, however, the Judge said, was insufficient. If adultery was not proved as a fact the jury were bound to find Lady Colin was innocent. At the last trial, in which Lady Colin secured a decree of separation, it was shown that Lord Colin had communicated to his wife a malady in such a manner as to amount to the cruelty which she had alleged as the basis of her petition for separation. In the present case the evidence against Lady Colin depended on what the family servants said. This testimony should be received with suspicion. In regard to the Purfleet incident the Judge said that there were so many important examples of mistaken identity that the jury would be compelled to carefully consider whether sufficient evidence had been adduced to reliably establish the statement that the lady who was there with the Duke of Marlborough was Lady Colin Campbell.

Referring to the allegations concerning Lady Colin's conduct at Leigh Court the Judge said they all depended again on stories related by servants, and principally on those told by Rose Baer. Her own fellows describe her as a chatterer, and she had not only contradicted herself, but other witnesses had also contradicted her on important points. She had at first sworn

that the Duke of Marlborough and Lady Colin occupied the same apartment for an entire week at Leigh Court, and afterwards she testified that the Duke of Marlborough was at Leigh Court only two nights. The Judge declared he believed Rose Baer had invented the story about Lady Colin and the Duke of Marlborough sitting together like lovers on a bench at the Paddington Railway terminus at London.

Lord Colin's conduct towards his wife while she was in Paris on the occasion when he telegraphed to the Paris police to arrest her and lodge her in the prostitutes' prison, Justice Butt characterized as outrageous, remarking that he never had known of anything more dishonest than Lord Colin's allegations to the Paris officials that his wife was living in open adultery with one of the co-respondents and should be arrested and treated as a common woman of the town.

As to the story told by man servant O'Neill that he once saw, through the keyhole of the door of the dining room at Cadogan place, Capt. Shaw and Lady Colin in criminal intercourse, the Judge declared that he could not regard it with favor. The jury must consider whether O'Neill's letter to Lady Colin, after his discharge by her, seeking re-employment, was not an attempt at blackmail, and the jury should further consider the question whether Chief Shaw's testimony in denial, as the statement of a distinguished public servant, was not worth as much, if not more, as the statement of such a person as O'Neill.

With regard to Gen. Sir William Butler, the latter should have come into court and given testimony as to his innocence, but so long as he chose to remain away there was no power in England to compel him to come. It would, however, the Judge said, be impossible to exaggerate the meanness exhibited by Gen. Butler, if innocent, in remaining away from court, for in so doing he deserted Lady Colin. The Judge, however, added that the jury must not take Gen. Butler's absence as evidence of guilt on either his or Lady Colin's part. Replying to a question of a jurymen, the Judge said that Gen. Butler was beyond the jurisdiction of the Court, and that a subpoena could not compel him to attend and testify, because being made a co-respondent he was protected by the clause of the law which makes it impossible to ask an incriminating question unless the witness was a voluntary one.

The case was then given to the jury and they retired. After a short absence they returned and reported that they could not agree upon a verdict.

The disagreement of the jury, however, was not final. They retired to reconsider the case and returned at 10 o'clock with a verdict. They found that Lord Colin Campbell had not committed adultery and that Lady Colin had not committed adultery with any of the co-respondents. The jury added a rider that the conduct of Gen. Sir William Butler was unworthy of a gentleman and an officer and had caused the only difficulty which the jury experienced in reaching a decision.

The announcement of the verdict was received with applause.

HIS SUSAN STOOD BY HIM.

Frank R. Miller, the son of Justus Miller, of the firm of Miller, Hall & Hartwell, of Troy, N. Y., who eloped from that city recently with a woman named Susan Mooney, an employe in the large collar, cuff and shirt factory of the firm, was arrested in this city. Young Miller became enamored of the woman in the early part of the year. She belongs in Pittsfield, Mass., and is divorced from her husband. After she went to work in the factory young Miller made love to her. This the father tried to break up, but the son persisted and eloped with her several days ago. In her flight the woman left her child behind. The pair came to this city. Young Miller went to the New York branch of the firm, at No. 264 Broadway, and asked Manager H. G. Leach for money. Suspecting something wrong, the latter told him to return at a later time in the day. The young man went out and joined the woman at the corner of Canal street and Broadway. The couple were arrested and taken to the Tombs Police Court, where the young man was remanded to await the arrival of his father. The woman grew angry at this. She was discharged, but refused to go, saying: "No, sir, I'll go where he goes. We came to New York to have a good time, and we will have a good time." She followed him down to his cell.

"DOC" WILSON'S IMPECUNIOSITY.

"I wish 'Doc' Wilson would come up and settle," said one of Wilson's witnesses in the Wilson-Moen suit, in Worcester, Mass.

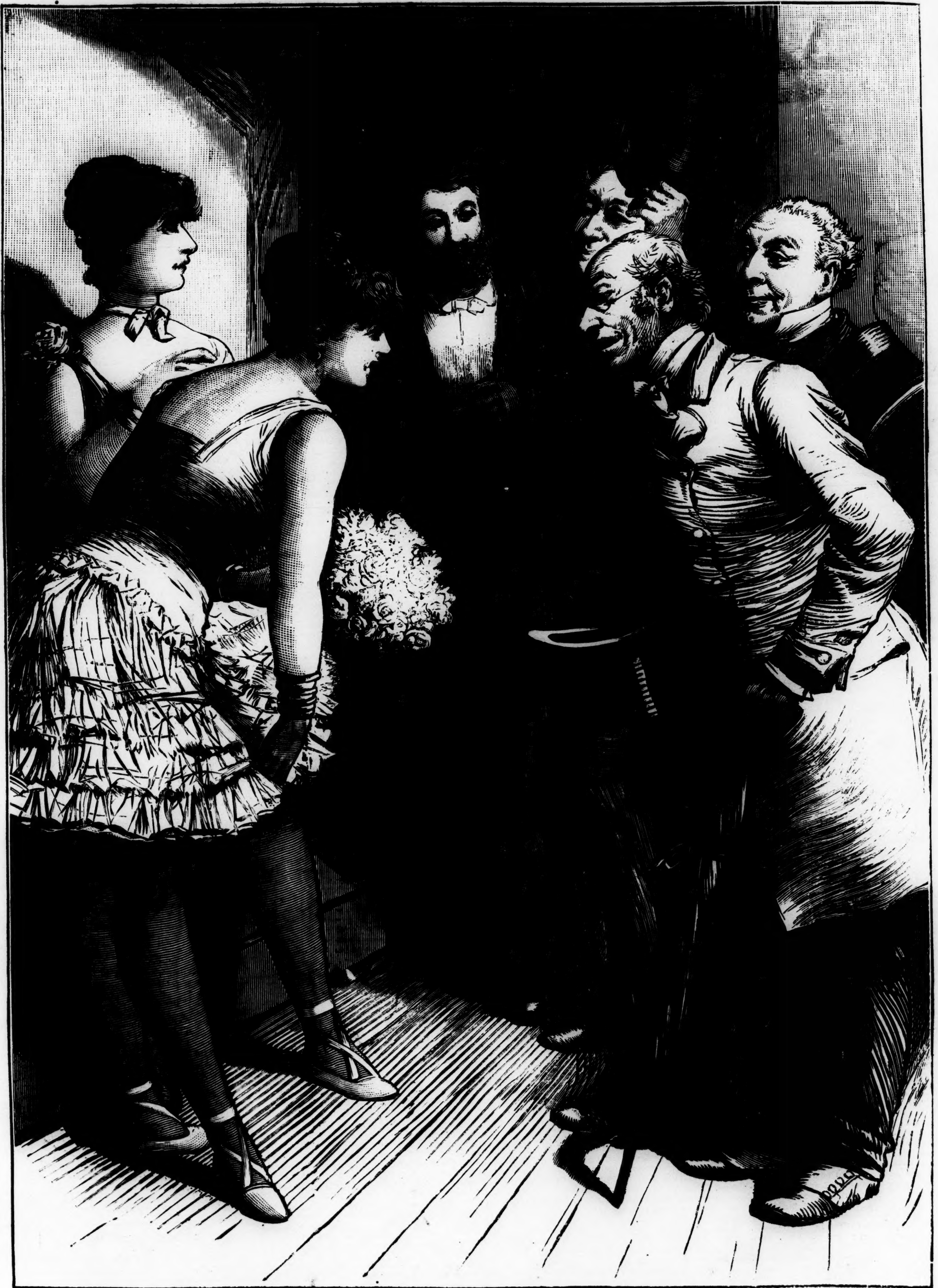
"It begins to look as though 'Doc' had killed the goose that laid the golden egg," chimed in another. "He was not wont to be so slow in money matters."

The report of Wilson's financial shortage is being generally accepted, and the general tone of gossip about the case is pretty good evidence that Mr. Moen has at last taken a firm stand against the man. It is the subject of frequent remark that since Wilson made the claim that he is Moen's son, Mr. Moen has been more cheerful than a year past. Wilson's story and affidavits have simply strengthened Mr. Moen's position with the public.

Those who have heard Knowlton's story, that the occurrences, the knowledge of which by Wilson has proved an open sesame to Moen's pocketbook, were events of the past 20 years, were inclined to doubt the theory that the hidden secret is now revealed. It is admitted on all sides that but for Mr. Moen's refusal to tell the story of Wilson's power over him he would have been vindicated before the world by Wilson's last assign. But public curiosity will probably never be satisfied that the truth has yet been broached.

A CLERICAL SCOUNDREL.

The Theodore L. Weaver arrested for forgery at Elmira, N. Y., as published in Chicago, is Rev. T. Leslie Weaver, who was conspicuous in Indiana three years ago. He was connected with the Indianapolis press for a time, then lectured and evangelized. His lecture in Shelbyville on the subject "Can a Democrat ever get to heaven?" created much talk and merriment. The Methodist church was refused him there but he delivered a lecture in a public hall. He published an infidel paper for a time which was finally suppressed. He went to Cincinnati and issued a sheet called *The Nighthawk*, which was so vile that the paper was suppressed and he driven out of the city. He first turned up there as a Baptist preacher, but the brethren finally had to unloose him.



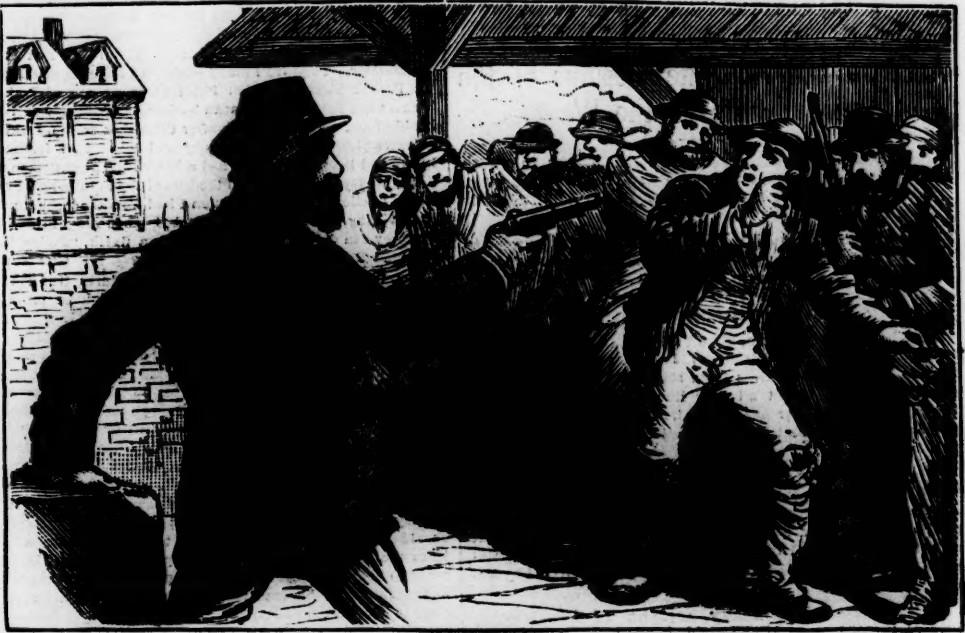
THEY TOOK IT ALL IN.

WILY MANAGER CHARLES E. LOCKE, OF THE AMERICAN OPERA COMPANY, ENABLES A BATCH OF CHICAGO PARSONS
TO SEE FOR THEMSELVES THE INNOCENCE OF THE CORPS DE BALLET AT THE COLUMBIA THEATRE.



HE LIKED HIS LUSH.

THE REV. WILLIAM ALMON DESBRISAY RATHER STARTLES HIS CONGREGATION AT ST. JOHN, N. B.



STRIKING TRAMPS.

THE RECENT OUTBREAK OF DISSATISFIED VAGRANTS AT THE WORKHOUSE, LANCASTER, PA.



RAIDING A PRIZE FIGHT.

LIEUTENANT STEHR AND A POSSE OF POLICE MAKE THINGS INTERESTING FOR THE SPORTS OF CAMDEN, N. J.



WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

HOW THE PIOUS DAMES OF WORCESTER, MASS., HELPED OUT THE TEMPERANCE SIDE OF A RECENT MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Jack Dempsey's trainer, Alf. Powers, offers to match an unknown at 120 pounds against Willie Clark, of Philadelphia. Powers will also match Jimmy Carroll against the "St. Joe Kid" for \$500 a side.

Barney Ford and Jim Ford, two brothers, agreed to settle a little matter with bare knuckles, and with just eight friends between them they stripped in a stoneyard at the foot of Seventy-ninth street and East river, New York, on Dec. 13. It was a desperate affair of eight rounds. Barney finally winning.

In a barn near Elyria, O., on Dec. 11, Louis Morehead of Columbus, and James Brady, of Buffalo, stripped for a fight to a finish with small gloves for a stake of \$50 a side and the gate receipts. It looked all over like Brady's fight until the fourth round, when Morehead rallied, and in the eighth round he had Brady dead beaten and was consequently hailed the winner.

Frank Stevenson, representing Jim Keenan, of Boston, Kilrain's backer, called at this office on Dec. 11 to ascertain if McCaffrey or his backer had covered Kilrain's forfeit of \$250 posted on Dec. 4. Mr. Fox said: "Kilrain's money is here, but no word has been heard from McCaffrey or his backer." Stevenson left disgruntled and wired Keenan: "Money not covered by McCaffrey."

Jack Ashton, the heavy weight of Providence, knocked out Bill Dunn of Philadelphia in the second round at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on Dec. 16. The first round was rather tame, and in the second the men were fighting savagely at each other's heads, when Ashton landed a good right-hander on Dunn's jaw, knocking him down. He failed to come to time in the ten seconds and the fight was given to Ashton by Dominick McCaffrey, the referee. On Dec. 17, Ashton fought a draw with Jack Kelly of Port Richmond.

The following explains itself:

To the Sporting Editor:
Please publish that I, with Dan Custy, visited the Police Gazette office on Thursday last and posted \$50 to match Custy to fight John Mack for that amount or as much more as Mack could obtain, the fight to take place within 24 hours or one week, as best suited Mack. The two—Mack and Custy—were to have fought on Wednesday for a purse of \$300, raised by the sale of tickets at \$3 each. Mr. Wm. Donohue and I arranged the match and we each received fifty tickets. Donohue, I learn, has pulled out of the affair, and his tickets are in possession of Mack. The latter claims to have sold the majority of them. If this be true, why does he not go on with the match? Custy's money is up in responsible hands, and if Mack meant to fight he would cover this money and not make a bluff at Hopper. What guarantee is there that he will carry out a match with Hopper any more than he did with Custy? Only his word, and that is nothing.

JAMES MCCAFFREY.

At Boston on Dec. 18 there was a slashing glove contest between Abe Humer, of the United States Navy, and Dick Cronin for a \$200 purse. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules. In a stable, Johnny Murphy and Frank Unico were seconds for Humer and Frank Steele and Paddy Kerrigan performed similar offices for Cronin. Ned Kennedy was master of ceremonies and referee. The moment time was called the marines was caught on the neck by Cronin's left, followed by a body blow from his right, which made Humer reel. The latter was mad and made a rush for his opponent. After two or three telling blows on the face he made an upper cut which hit Cronin under the ear and felled him to the ropes. The round ended in a clinch. Cronin forced the fighting in the second and third rounds, striking wildly and raising his blows thick and fast, trying to wind his opponent. Blood was flowing freely when Cronin, badly blown, came up for the fourth round. Humer was covered with blood and looked pale, but was game, and when he had been punished badly, clinched and threw Cronin. The fight was in Cronin's favor all through the fifth round, and Humer staggered to his seat, groggy and winded. He came up for the sixth round, however, and got in another upper cut that floored Cronin. The latter arose and clinched and both men had to be helped to their seats. In the next 2 rounds both men were too weak to fight. They staggered up to each other, made passes and fell down from sheer exhaustion. A child could have pushed either one over. Still they kept on, growing weaker and weaker, and would have come up for the ninth round had not the referee taken pity on them and called the battle a draw. Arrangements were made for another battle in a few weeks. The city lights were all out and the sun was breaking in from the east as the two pugilists were taken home to bed.

The announcement that Tommy Warren, of Louisville, Ky., the champion feather weight pugilist of America, and Tommy Danforth, of New York, were to meet at the Police Gazette office to arrange a match to fight for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the feather weight championship of America and a purse of \$2,000, attracted a large crowd of the patrons of the many art and the followers of pugilism.

At an early hour Warren, accompanied by Alderman Wm. Bennett, the well known Sixth avenue sporting man and partner of John L. Sullivan, and Mike Coburn and a delegation of sporting men were on hand ready to arrange the match. After a short delay Tommy Danforth arrived accompanied by Frank Stevenson, Tom Evans, the well known trainer, Mike Costello, the Clero of the prize ring; Harry Webb, the well-known sporting man; E. F. Mallahan, Jack Fogarty, who made such a great battle with Jack Dempsey, arrived later. Alfonso King, who surprised the world by walking over the water from the Liberty statue to Governor's Island, arrived with a large delegation. There was the usual wrangling and discussions which occur in the arranging of all matches of importance. Tom Evans appeared to be the spokesman for the New York representative, while Wm. Bennett, who has arranged many a match, held the floor time and again during the negotiations for Warren.

Evans opened the ball by stating that Danforth was ready to arrange a match to fight at 118 pounds for a purse of \$1,000 and the champion Diamond Belt Richard K. Fox is having made, to represent the feather weight championship of the world for 118-pound pugilists and under.

Wm. Bennett said he was willing to make the match for \$2,500 a side and put up the money.

Evans, after conferring with Danforth, said they would fight for the \$1,000 purse and \$1,000 a side, but Richard K. Fox must be final stakeholder and select the referee.

Bennett said: "Richard K. Fox will suit us for stakeholder and he can name the referee. We only want fair play and the best man to win."

"Well," said Evans, "we must wait until Jere Dunn arrives."

"All right," said Bennett, "I am anxious to see the match made, for there has been too much talk over it."

Negotiations then ceased, both sides holding a truce until Jere Dunn should arrive.

Jere Dunn did not come, and the parties finally agreed to meet later on at the Police Gazette office to sign articles to fight for \$1,000 a side.

To the Sporting Editor:

DEAR SIR:—Seeing a paragraph in your paper a few evenings ago in reference to a discussion between Jack Dempsey and Pat Sheedy in San Francisco, where it is said that Jack wanted to arrange a match with John L., now let me kindly inform you that Jack Dempsey never in his life had any idea of fighting the heavy-weight champion—not like McCaffrey, Mitchell, Burke and a host of others, who challenge the champion with a wish for paper notoriety or gate receipts, when they actually know they have no earthly chance with the champion. Jack Dempsey, in his discussion with Mr. Patrick Sheedy, offered to lay \$1,000 that the champion could not knock him out in six rounds, and I will make that sum as high as \$10,000 that the champion cannot knock him out in six rounds, and I think I have a perfect right, seeing that McCaffrey, Mitchell and Burke stayed those number of rounds, and each of those I reckon inferior to Dempsey. Now, in reference to Mr. Patrick Sheedy saying that it was useless for Jack wishing to fight the champion when he had Le Blanche in the combination, whom he would back for any pugilist against Dempsey. That is all both, as Sheedy

dare not put up. If Sheedy wishes to back Le Blanche I will match Dempsey to fight Le Blanche of Boston for \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt Dempsey has held for one year, against all comers, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder. To prove I mean business I have deposited \$500 with the Police Gazette, which Pat Sheedy or any of Le Blanche's backers can cover if they mean business. If Sheedy will back up his bluff and make the match after the stakes are up, I will bet him an extra \$1,000 or \$2,000 Dempsey will win. In reference to the Burke and Dempsey fight, I had a letter from a gentleman who saw the fight, saying that he had the best of the fight in San Francisco, which I believe, from information I had from other sources as well. I am willing, also, to furnish stakes amounting to \$5,000 that Dempsey can defeat Burke in a fight to a finish, "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt rules.

One thing is well known, that all overtures Gus Tuthill ever made to arrange a match, no matter how high he proposed the stakes should be, he always put up the money. If the backers of Le Blanche have not been bluffing they will cover the \$500 posted with the Police Gazette and appoint a time and place to sign articles of agreement and arrange a match. Pat Sheedy has the reputation of backing his opinion. If he did make overtures to the back Le Blanche against Dempsey he will no doubt adhere to his proposition and carry out what he proposed by covering Dempsey's backer's money. Mr. Sheedy is well aware that the sporting public of the United States and Canada read his deft, and now it has been accepted in an official and business like manner by Dempsey and his backer, who has previously staked thousands on his champion. Sheedy should reply or the parties who he was spokesman for should do so, or he should insist on those who authorized him to issue the challenge that they put up their money. Dempsey is ready to fight; his backer is ready to put up any amount of stakes, and all that is to be done is for Mr. Sheedy, Le Blanche & Co. to come to the front.

Knifton's (the 81-tonner) many fancies with Smith in England has caused considerable dissatisfaction among sporting circles, and many have come to the conclusion that Knifton never intended to fight Smith. Knifton says: "The reason I made the match with Smith. My relations, as you know, with Smith have hitherto been of the most amicable nature, and it is rather a curious fact that prior to the death of Smith's grandmother we shook hands and agreed never to fight; but Smith's challenge to box anybody, bar neither creed, country nor color, I considered a direct challenge to me, and I felt it my duty to accept it." Knifton is a boxer of the Sam Hurst—Stybridge—infant style, muscle bound and too clumsy and heavy to ever shine as champion. By the way, in 1880, in England, a gigantic wrestler, 6 feet 2½ inches in stature, and balancing the scale at 215 pounds, put forth a claim to the championship of England, and to do battle with this modern Goliath no better man was found than the once hardy Tom Paddock, and a match was ratified. Hurst was, of course, formidable from his strength, weight, and bulk; his boxing pretensions were of a mediocre quality. Hurst won in 5 rounds, lasting 30 seconds short of 10 minutes, by a chance blow, and he gained the victory because his opponent was fought out, and not because Hurst possessed any great pugilistic ability. Hurst's victory was like a nine day's wonder, and men who were poor judges looked upon him as a champion who would long defend the championship, a title he won by conquering Paddock. Jack Mac was most anxious to try conclusions with Hurst, rightly estimating that a triumph over such a man—mountain would dispel any lingering doubts in the public mind of his personal pluck and prowess. A match was made for \$200 a side, and on June 18, 1881, they fought. Mac made such a chopping block of the giant, that Jack Hodgkins (Hurst's second) appealed to the Stybridge Infant's backers to take him away but they refused. In the seventh round the clumsy, burly giant staggered to the scratch in a semi-conscious state when Bob Brittle appealed to Hurst's backers to give in but they refused. Another round was fought and Mac delivered two straight blows on the giant's face until it resembled a butcher's chopping block, when Hurst's second threw up the sponge. It was quite manifest that Hurst was not cut out for a fighting man. He had little knowledge of the art of self-defence. He could not hit straight, from the shoulder, and it was obvious that a man of his build and gait, even when endowed with the uncommon powers he displayed as receiver, cannot hope to contend with success against extraordinary cleverness and activity even though possessed by a man of far lighter calibre than himself. While Hurst's defeat of Paddock by a fluke set him high in the struts, after he met Mac he came to the conclusion he was not cut out for the ring and retired. Knifton, judging by his build, size, weight, etc., may be compared to be a champion of the Stybridge Infant type, and it is doubtful if he is as game, for no one better has faced Mac's battery of tremendous telling blows any other than Hurst, although he had no ability to dodge or stop them. Knifton in his stockings is 6 feet 1½ inches, and when he went into training for his match with Smith weighed 224 pounds, but in his fighting costume he tips the scales about 195 pounds. He will be 31 years old on Jan. 30. He was born at St. Cyrus, near Montrose, Scotland. Knifton's record is very easily told. He beat a fellow named Scraton in a glove fight in London; whipped Massey, bare knuckles, thirty-nine rounds in forty-one minutes, and fought Wolf Rendoff, with the gloves, for endurance, defeating him in three rounds, and that's all.

A genuine, first-class static encounter was fought at Camden, N. J., on Dec. 14, between Billy Yeager and George Hagen. About 100 persons gathered in the second story of the unoccupied building, No. 21 Federal street, to witness the affair. Two coal oil lamps about half lighted the room. Grouped around the principals were some of the best known lovers of the many art in this city. A private purse had been made up for the fighters, and after the usual preliminaries it was understood that the Marquis of Queensberry rules would govern the bout. A prominent civil engineer was chosen referee and a gray haired lawyer the time-keeper. Yeager's weight was 141 pounds and Hagen's 139 pounds. The fight was to be to a finish. The men in the first round went to work savagely, but evidently nervous. No damage of moment was done. In the second round the men began business quickly, but, realizing it was hard work, began sparring for wind. Hagen at last got in a half-arm blow, which Yeager returned with his right on the body. Hagen, some what angry, rushed upon him, and there were several blows exchanged on the body and on the face, but with little damage. In the third round Hagen essayed a swinging blow that fell short. Yeager retaliated on the body, when the men clinched. The referee shouting "Break away," Hagen jumped back and hit his opponent in the face. Another clinch followed, when Yeager forced the fighting, but got the worst of it. In the fourth round Yeager reached the other's face, but Hagen, chasing him, reached his body heavily. Yeager responded with a similar blow, for which he received two in the face. In the fifth round Yeager tried his left, but was short. Hagen did better and twice visited Yeager's face, who sent back a right-hander that hurt. In the sixth round sparring took up considerable time, when Hagen leading without effort, they again clinched, and the round ended with little injury to either. The men came together in the seventh round with a rush, Hagen getting in on the body and Yeager on the face and left ear. Hagen led in the eighth round, when there was a clinch, which was followed by hard fighting for a few seconds, Yeager nearly shutting up Hagen's left eye. Yeager then followed it up by a blow on Hagen's nose, the latter returning the compliment. Fighting was fierce but wild in the ninth round. Hagen was awarded first blood. Sparring tactics were adopted in the tenth round for a while, but they came together at last and numerous blows were exchanged. From the eleventh to the sixteenth round the men hurt each other as much as possible, but there was no particular damage done. In the seventeenth round Yeager forced the fighting, but Hagen sent in a stunning blow and interchanges followed, with two clinches. At the seventeenth round, when Hagen had the lead in the fighting, Lieutenant Stehr, who, with twenty-seven officers, had surrounded the building and broke down the door, stood on guard at the bottom of the steps. In a second all was confusion. The referee decided the fight in favor of Hagen, who came to the scratch for the eighteenth round, while Yeager had run for his clothing. The principals escaped into the attic, where they lay until all became quiet, when they made their escape. An officer presented a revolver to the breast of a city editor of a paper and demanded his surrender. Four reporters were paroled by Lieutenant Stehr. As the men went down stairs each in turn was arrested and placed in a corner guarded by officers with drawn revolvers. The prisoners were paroled, with the exception of twelve, who were marched to the City Hall. Among those captured was a county official, an ex-candidate for the Assembly, three prominent lawyers, two physicians and many prominent business men, who were held by the Mayor for their appearance at court when wanted on their own recognizance. W. Lawler, John Dove, F. P. Shay, Edward Baker, John Baker, H. Vanuist, John Pedrick, Charles Hitchcock and Walter Thompson were held in \$500 bail to appear and answer.

SPORTING NEWS.

AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,

Editor and Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York.

Burke refused to fight Dempsey in California for \$2,500 a side.

Billy Hawkins, of Winnipeg, is on his way East to try and get a match on with Harry Gilmore.

The first of the boxing and wrestling tournaments of the New York Athletic Club this winter will be held on December 22.

George Hosmer, the carsman, wants to walk any man in America, bar Meagher or Driscoll, twenty five miles for any amount.

When Kingcraft arrives we shall have three winners of the English Derby in the country—Kingcraft, 1870; Troqueux 1881, and St. Blaise, 1883.

Dan O'Leary, of Chicago, won the alleged \$500 a side three-day heel and toe race against W. Hoagland, of Auburn, at Utica, N. Y., by three laps.

Jack Burke has written to Frank Glover's manager asking on what terms a match can be arranged, and the Illinois champion is willing to meet Burke.

The Mayor of Victoria, B. C., refused to allow the John L. Sullivan combination to appear there, and they had to depart without giving a performance.

J. Beaver Webb, the English yachtman who sailed the Genesta and Galates, will marry, at Washington, in January, Miss Alice May, third daughter of Dr. Fredk. May.

Five hundred dollars a week was not sufficient to tempt Paddy Ryan to risk a nightly knockout by Sullivan. That is to say, he wouldn't join the latter's combination on those terms.

Sullivan continues to receive challenges from various parties who are eager to make a reputation by facing the champion, relying upon the interference of the police to save them from a good drubbing.

George Buear and George Perkins have been matched to row over the True championship course some time in February for \$400 a side, the Sportsman challenge cup and the championship of England.

Little has been said about poor Joe Radcliffe, who first brought out Fred Archer when he gave him a winning mount on Salvator for the Cresswell in 1873, this being the first great race that fell to the Tinman.

At the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on Dec. 13, there was a desperate glove fight between Mike Boden, of Canada, and Jack Ashton. Ashton forced the fighting and was declared the winner by Referee Dominick McCaffrey.

Mike Lucy, the clever Philadelphia middle-weight, is to have a benefit at Arthur Chambers' Champion's Rest early in January. Jack McKee, the East Boston blacksmith, with whom he fought a draw recently, will wind up with him.

L. C. Underhill, manager of the New York "Sportsman," has issued a new book entitled "The Knights of the Sulk." It contains sketches and portraits of noted trainers, and it will prove very valuable and interesting to horsemen.

A 72-hour, 12 hours per day, go-as-you-please race for prize-money of \$1,000 was started at the Twenty-third and Chestnut streets skating rink on Monday, Dec. 20. Harry Brooks, the well-known ex-pedestrian, will manage the affair.

J. Roberts, Jr., champion of England, and W. J. Peall commenced a 12,000 point game of billiards for \$1,000 in London on Nov. 29. The spot stroke was barred. Roberts, who concedes 4,000, had made 1,700 to Peall's 1,286 at the end of the first day.

Old Darby, 2:16 1-2, once a grand campaigner, is now owned and driven in a family buggy by R. Taggart, of Hudson street, this city. An alleged Darby was bought some time ago by a Glasgow man in New York, insured for \$2,000 and died en route to Scotland.

James Murphy has resigned the position of trainer to J. B. Haggin, and Claypole will take his place, dividing the work with Byrne, late trainer for the Dwyers and Pierre Lorillard. Patsy Duff, who formerly rode for Mr. Haggin, is dying from dropsy in California.

The fortune on which Archer is likely to pay probate duty in England still continues to agitate the minds of many newspaper writers. Some, on "undoubted authority," assert that the bill is likely to be sworn under \$75,000, and others \$400,000—a margin which is fairly considerable.

The Woodside-Morgan hundred mile bicycle race at Minneapolis last week, is declared to have been a hippodrome. Morgan won in 6 hours 6 minutes 20 seconds. The referee subsequently declared the affair off and all bets drawn, he being satisfied the contest was not on the square.

Pat Sheppard, of Boston, has commissioned Arthur Chambers to match Joe Lannon, of Boston, with any man in the country, barring John L. Sullivan, for \$1,000 a side. To a finish, or for 4 or 6 rounds, the winner to take 75 per cent. of the receipts. Lannon's fight with Jake Kilrain has been postponed.

The New York Daily "News" says: "Tommy Warren, the Western pugilist, is a stranger in the city. He asks no favors, but only desires fair play. He is ready to fight any one his weight and bars no one. He objects when he engages in a sparring contest to oblige a few friends, to have it written as a prize fight and magnified into a chapter of untruths."

Alphonse King, the champion water walker, on Dec. 18, attempted to walk across the bay with his patent shoes from the Liberty Statue to the Brooklyn Bridge. He reached a point opposite Governor's Island, when it was so intensely cold and the current so strong that Harry Webb, his manager, insisted on his stopping, and he was taken into the boat that accompanied him.

Billy McLean, the boxer and baseball umpire, of Philadelphia, is having plenty of trouble of late. He broke a thumb in a glove contest at the last entertainment of the Philadelphia Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, and at his home on Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, he got a thump on the back of his head that nearly broke his skull. McLean charges the latter to some one who was trying to rob him.

The new Cleveland Baseball Association have leased of the Weddel estate a piece of land between Sterling and Case, Euclid and Payne avenues, Cleveland, for two years, with a privilege of four years. The land, which is one and a quarter miles from the post office, is 730 by 585 in size, and in the best portion of the city. It is at this time as level as a billiard table, and will have a seating capacity of 5,000.

The average yearly cost of general athletics at Yale is nearly \$10,000. The expense for the season of 1885-6 was about \$20,000, but this included some \$4,000 for improvements for the benefit of the university and class crews, and is probably a maximum figure. The income from gate receipts, glee club concerts and privileges for 1885-6 was only about \$11,000, and to meet the deficiency over \$10,000 was collected by subscription.

Jimmy Hagen, the feather-weight boxer, who recently met Tommy Warren, and Tom Wilson, nephew of Wm. Sheriff, "the Prussian," fought four rattling rounds at Arthur Chambers' Champion's Rest, Philadelphia, on Dec. 13, and Jimmy Mitchell, who acted as referee, decided the contest a draw. Most of the spectators seemed to think that Hagen had a little the better of it. He gained one clean knock down and landed with his left on Wilson's face hard and often.

Gen. W. G. Harding, the well-known turfman, died at Belle Mead farm, Kentucky, on Dec. 15. He was 79 years of age

and was born Sept. 15, 1808, in a log cabin, now standing on the farm, at that time the home of his parents, who were John Harding and his wife Susannah Shute. Gen. Harding's family trace their lineage to Martin Harding, the Huguenot. Gen. Harding's father was from Virginia, and not from Vermont, as some writers have stated.

A 15-ball pool tournament is to be held in this city. Albert M. Frey, J. M. Malone, Charlie Manne and Al. Cleary, of Ravenna, O., have entered. Eugene Carter or Joe King, of Philadelphia, is also expected to compete. The game is to be of the variety, but played under a new set of rules, prominent among which is one requiring that the first shot or "burst" shall drive at least two object balls to the cushions. The tournament is to be a sweepstakes of five men at \$100 each, and the net prize money will be divided as follows: Forty per cent. to the winner, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third and 10 per cent. to fourth man.

At New Bedford, Mass., on Dec. 15 Jessie Coburn, the Boston wonder, and Peter Hegleman ran 5 miles for a purse of \$25. Hegleman was the winner by a sixth of a mile, in 30 minutes 2½ seconds. The exhibition closed with two local contests. The first was a 5-mile race, for two valuable medals. There were twenty-three entries. Frank James, "the high school champion," won the gold medal, and Warren Damsell, an old war-horse, who seven years ago ran races in this city with Manager Jim Mutrie, of the New Yorks, captured the second prize, a silver emblem. James' time was 31 minutes 44 seconds; Damsell's, 32 minutes 28 seconds. In a 1-mile race for amateurs, John B. Gifford defeated over five contestants in 5 minutes 51 seconds.

McLaughlin heads the list for the seventh consecutive year, with a record which far surpasses that of Fred Archer in England, as the latter rode 170 winners out of the 513 races in which he took part. McLaughlin's record for the past five years has been a glorious one, as he has ridden in no less than 1,496 races, of which he won 545. That he is the most celebrated jockey America has produced is, we suppose, admitted, and that like a true American he is self-made redounds to his credit. For McLaughlin did not have the benefit of careful tuition such as falls to the lot of the best English jockeys. He graduated in the school of adversity, rode himself into prominence, and has worked his way to the front by sheer force of application.

A large crowd gathered at Turn Hall, 68-69 East Fourth street, this city, on Dec. 14, to witness the athletic exhibition under the management of the Nonpareil Bowling Club. A number of well known amateur athletes were to compete, and the event of the evening was to be a scientific four-round contest between Tommy Danforth, the Eastern champion feather weight, and Johnny Farrell, the 120-pound boxer. After a large number of people had filled the street in front of the hall, the special deputy sheriff attached to the premises appeared, and, after tearing down a printed sign announcing the entertainment, said that the police would not allow the show to go on. The hall's theatrical license had expired, and the Mayor had refused to renew it.

The following explains itself:

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., Dec. 16, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:
I hereby challenge any 130 pounds man in the State to fight me for \$100 a side and the gate receipts, the winner to take all, and claim light weight championship of Arkansas, the fight to be to a finish, skin tight gloves, Marquis of Queensbury rules, and to take place within fifty miles of Hot Springs or Little Rock, within six weeks of signing articles. If this challenge is not accepted in four weeks from date, I will claim the light weight championship of the State. Address the undersigned, care of News office, Hot Springs.

BILLY EDWARDS, of Chicago, Ill.

In the list of winning sires Bend Or takes the lead, with four horses, that won thirteen races worth \$22,003, of which Ormonde was the largest contributor. Next comes Hermit, with a credit of \$22,758 made up by twenty-seven horses which won fifty-four races. The third is Petrarach, with nine winners of twenty-four races worth \$15,112, followed by Hampton, with twenty-four winners of forty-two races and \$14,562; Spectrum, with twenty-one winners of forty-five races worth \$12,948, and Wenlock, the last of the five-figure winners with seventeen representative winners of thirty-seven races worth \$10,600. Of Swigart's recent purchases Kingcraft has twelve winners of twenty-three races worth \$4,310, and Rotherill four winners of six races worth \$1,970.

M. K. Kittleman, the famous runner, is at present located in Detroit. He was born at Bloomfield, Ia., and is twenty-eight years of age. He beat George H. Smith, of Pittsburg, who recently defeated H. M. Johnson, in a hundred yard race at Woodstock, Ont. He has beaten Johnson twice, in 100 and 125 yard races. He weighs 170 pounds, and stands 5 feet 10 inches. It is probable he will go to Australia in February and enter the great event there. It is a race open to the world, a purse of \$30,000 being offered. The races will be 75, 100 and 120 yards. The man winning the most heats in all the events gets \$20,000, the second \$7,500 and the third \$2,500. Hutchins, the champion of England, will enter. Kittleman will leave Detroit for San Francisco in about three weeks, where he will train previous to going to Australia.

The ten-mile walking match for gate receipts and the championship of America between George H. Hosmer, Chas. F. Daniels of Boston, and Dennis Driscoll, Lynn, was decided on Dec. 15 at New Bedford, Mass. Driscoll was the favorite, but carried too much flesh, tripping the scales at 176 pounds. Hosmer and Daniels were in fine condition. Hosmer took the lead at the start and held it for nearly a mile, when Daniels passed him and maintained a lead to the end, Hosmer dropping out after the fourth mile. The first mile was made in 8 minutes 40 seconds, the second in 16 minutes 28 seconds, and the fifth in 43 minutes 15 seconds. Driscoll lost a lap by leaving the track, and Daniels led him on the ninth mile by three laps, though Driscoll lapped him by brilliant spurring before the finish. Daniels won the race by an eighth of a mile in 1 hour 25 minutes 30 seconds. Driscoll's time was 1 hour 28 minutes 22 seconds.

Billy Frazier, the popular light-weight boxer of Somerville, Mass., was tendered a benefit at the Union Square Skating Academy, Boston, on Dec. 13. The principal act to was between Billy Frazier and Marcellus Baker, who was introduced as "the only Yankee fighter." This set to was really the event of the evening, and received more applause than all the others put together. Baker did almost all the leading, and walked round and round the ring, chasing his man, who was all the time getting his work in on Baker's face and neck. Frazier displayed a trifle the most science, but on the whole it was a very lively set to. This contest lasted four rounds. Marcellus kept trying to swing his right in, but as often as he tried it Frazier's head would bob down just beneath it and the blow would go over his back. The last bout was between McLaughlin and an unknown from New York. Three rounds were sparring and on the whole were very tame.

The second and last billiard match between George F. Slosson and Jacob Schaefer was played at Chicago, on Dec. 17. The games were 500 points up, said to be for \$2,000, custom caroms. Schaefer won the game. The following is the score of this bookmaker's contest:

Schaefer—0, 1, 0, 2, 0, 3, 3, 48, 7, 6, 0, 0, 3, 9, 1, 0, 17, 0, 0, 6, 1, 0, 2, 0, 0, 22, 4, 0, 4, 2, 0, 0, 3, 0, 0, 1, 1, 6, 28, 9, 0, 0, 11, 12, 1, 1, 6, 0, 1, 2, 6, 0, 7, 1, 3, 0, 0, 15, 0, 11, 16, 2, 2, 0, 0, 0, 36, 0, 0, 0, 4, 0, 9, 7, 29, 12, 37, 1, 0, 3, 7, 2, 2, 0, 0, 1, 3, 1, 0, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 8, 4, 5, 1, 1, 4, 0, 3, 2, 15, 7, 10—500. Average, 456-111. Highest run, 48.

Slosson—1, 0, 0, 2, 3, 14, 2, 0, 1, 1, 0, 5, 15, 17, 4, 2, 0, 12, 0, 2, 0, 5, 0, 1, 12, 0, 3, 0, 6, 0, 0, 0, 3, 50, 3, 0, 1, 13, 0, 5, 3, 7, 11, 2, 3, 1, 1, 0, 0, 1, 14, 0, 1, 1, 0, 6, 3, 2, 1, 0, 1, 17, 10, 2, 0, 3, 0, 5, 3, 3, 10, 1, 22, 1, 1, 2, 15, 0, 14, 17, 0, 0, 10, 5, 15, 0, 10, 6, 1, 6, 1, 0, 6, 3, 9, 4, 0, 2, 0, 17—430. Average, 310-111. Highest run, 22.

Time of game—3 h. 25m.

Eugene Carter was umpire for Schaefer. John Thatcher umpire for Slosson, Henry Ryan referee and Charles Matthews marker.

We have received the following card from James Hagan, the clever light-weight pugilist, which denies the purport of the dispatch Pete McCoy, referee in the recent glove contest between the above boxer and Tommy Warren, forwarded from Philadelphia to this office. Read what Hagan says:

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 17, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:
I notice in the Police Gazette of Dec. 18, 1886, an article signed by Pete McCoy, that in my late contest with Tommy Warren at the Comique, Philadelphia, Pa., on Nov. 29, that I was defeated, and was so decided by Mr. McCoy, who was the referee in this contest. Now let me say, in behalf of myself, that Pete McCoy never gave any such decision. Mr. McCoy decided the fight a draw. I also wish to state it was no fault of mine that I did not use the small gloves, as my second would not let me use them, so I used the large gloves. Now, as to Tommy Warren being a better man than myself, I will here state that I will fight him, for fun or money, at a moment's notice: so Tommy, you can come to the front and put up or shut up, for I mean business. Yours truly, JAMES HAGAN.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I have heard of prize fight swindles where only the spectators were out their expenses to the battle ground, but of all the bare face, contemptible frauds I think the recent contest between Johnny McAuliffe and Billy Frazier caps the climax.

Not only were the patrons of boxing in Boston badly sold by the fraud, but many sporting men in New York were also made victims to the swindle.

It was announced that Jack McAuliffe and Billy Frazier were matched to fight for a light weight championship and an alleged purse and belt.

The match was freely advertised by the managers, who were in the scheme, and a large number of tickets were sold to the credulous public, who expected to see a first class mill.

About \$2,000 was realized by the sale of tickets, and many went from Albany, Baltimore and Philadelphia to witness the mill.

Frazier, one of the contestants, who had been engaged by the management two days before the battle, had a sudden attack of sickness. The managers knew it, but they knew if they announced to the public that Frazier was sick and would not be able to make a light set-to with McAuliffe, according to the programme, they would deter many from buying admission tickets, and they would have to refund to the ever-gullible public the money for the tickets they had sold.

The exhibition, or the alleged fight, was to have taken place at Boston on Dec. 10. About 500 sporting men paid, expecting to witness the affair, but after looking at a few set-toes, McAuliffe, according to the programme, stripped and entered the ring, pretending to be ready for his opponent.

Frazier, being confined to his bed, did not appear, and the managers, who had the box office receipts, instead of returning the public their money, made a lame excuse and heaped vile epithets on Frazier, at the same time knowing, as they had two days previous, that Frazier would not be able to meet McAuliffe.

It was the biggest pugilistic swindle that has ever occurred under the circumstances, and sporting men in the future will fight shy of patronizing any of the many schemes and alleged fights at the club, that are only arranged between the manager and the two pugilists to catch the \$5 and \$10 of the gents' of the various clubs who like to promote and witness these matches, believing that they are genuine.

If the "Police Gazette" had the management of the affair, and the exhibition had not taken place, the tickets would all have been redeemed and the money refunded to those who purchased them.

This was done when the exhibition between Herbert A. Slade and Jim Mace was stopped by the police in this city.

There has been many discussions over the word pugilism, and few persons who have not benefited by a classical education have the faintest idea about the proper meaning of the word.

Pugilism came to us through the Latin pugilatus, the art of fighting with the fist, as also does pugna, a fight.

The Latin again took these words from the Greek pugma, the fist doubled for fighting; whence also they had pugmachos, a fist fighter, and pugmachia, a fist fight. They also had pugdon, a measure of length from the elbow, cubitus, to the end of the hand with the fingers clenched.

Another form of the word, the Greek adverb pux, pugno vel pugnis, gives us pugna, Latin pugna, in English pug; and it is remarkable that this form of the closed hand is the Greek synonym for anything in the shape of a closed box or receptacle, and so it has passed to the moderns.

I find the French have also imported to box into their dictionaries, where the Germans had it already as *boxen*, a box.

Should Beach ratify a match to row Hanlan on the Nepean river for the championship of the world, there may be a possibility of Hanlan again winning the championship.

Beach is thirty-six years of age, and notwithstanding that he may have blossomed comparatively late in life, as Beach did, a man especially an athlete cannot hope to last long as a champion.

His back becomes stiffer and his muscles less pliable, and in the course of a very few years he is bound to meet a conqueror, with both youth and speed at his command.

In his race with Gaudaur on the Thames he stopped rowing twice, nature having almost given out, and in my opinion, it is very doubtful, throwing a long rest in, whether Beach will ever again be able to propel a shell with the same dash and speed as he did when, by sheer pluck and wonderful endurance, he defeated Gaudaur, who, I think, is the coming champion of the world.

Hanlan has always shown great judgment and extraordinary headwork in his races, and I do not wonder that he is so earnest and eager to again meet the great-adopted Australian, even though he has to again journey to the land of the Kangaroo to accomplish his desire.

Besides, no matter where Hanlan journeys to, he is very popular, and the trip will combine pleasure with profit.

If Hanlan and Beach are matched to row on the Nepean river next June, and I think there is every prospect the match will be ratified. Hanlan, I am sure, will certainly return with a well filled purse, no matter whether he is beaten or not.

I have been informed that thousands pay to witness a race in Australia, and the numerous steamboats, stands and floating raft yield thousands of dollars, so Hanlan knows what he is about and no wonder, I think Hanlan's chances of defeating Beach on neutral water are far more rosy than Beach's likelihood of out-rowing Hanlan, because the latter is younger, and physically, in my opinion, a better man than he ever was; and the new patent appliances added by M. F. Davis, of Portland, to his shell, also gives him a great advantage over any oarsman.

It has frequently been urged by magistrates, and even judges of sound liberal sentiments, that pugilism, as a national practice, and an occasional or fortuitous occurrence, may be winked at by the authorities, or tacitly allowed and prohibited or punished at discretion, as the occasion may seem to require.

Granting the possibility of this utter repression, which I deny, it may well be questioned whether they have not tried to suppress a lesser evil to evolve a greater.

To glove contests and regulated combats we owe that noble system of athletic culture of fair play which distinguishes and elevates our common people, and which, stern, impartial, unprejudiced and logical minds must hail and foster as one of the proud attributes of our national character.

I do not in the least undervalue peaceful pursuits, which constitute and uphold the blessings of peaceful life, yet a nation with no idea or principle beyond commerce would be unworthy, say, would be impotent for national existence, much more

for national power and progress. Subjection, conquest, and hence serfdom and poverty must be its fate in presence of strong, rapacious and encroaching neighbors.

"The people that possess steel," said the ancient assailant of the Lydian Greeks, "needs not long wait for gold." A portion, then, of a nation must be set apart whose vocation it will be to secure and defend the lives, liberties and properties of the whole.

Hence the honorable calling of the soldier and the sailor, and hence to fit the people for these and to prevent the too general indulgence of effeminacy, dread of enterprise, and the contagious spread of an enervating and fanatical peace-at-any-price quietism, it is wise and politic to encourage the manly and athletic sports and contests which invigorate the frame, brace the nerves, inspire contempt of personal suffering and enable man to defend his rights, as well as to enjoy them.

Americans have learned, and, I sincerely hope, will continue to learn and to practice fair boxing, as they have learned other arts of defense—the use of the rifle among others—in which they have already excelled the crack shots of Scotland, Ireland, England, and Australian mountaineers; men from countries celebrated for their practice of long shots and constant handling of the weapon.

Let them, therefore, see that the fair use of the fist is not sneered down by the craven or the canter.

Were every boxing exhibition stopped and every boxing school shut up the practice of boxing discouraged and the fist of our modern intemperance salaried carried out, the manly spirit of fair play in our combats would disappear and the people of this country lose one of their finest characteristics.

Pugilistic exhibitions are falsely said to harden the heart, to induce ferocity of character, and that they are generally attended by the dregs of society.

Pugilism includes nothing essentially vicious, nothing in itself prompting to excess or debauchery. On the contrary, it asks temperance, exercise, and self-denial. If I am to argue and decide from the abuse of custom or institution, where am I to stop?

Men are not to be cured even of errors by the mere arbitrary force of laws or by a cherished pursuit being vilified and condemned mostly by those who are ignorant or averse to it.

Teach men to respect themselves. This is the first step to make them respect others. Let this rule be applied to the ring, let it be viewed as a popular institution; it may then, and I have warrant from experience, become worthy of support and patronage.

Waiving, then, all question as to its origin, the pugilistic may be accepted as interwoven for many generations in the manner and habits of the American people; that it has become one of our "popular prejudices," if you so please to term it, and that we will not abandon it to be suppressed by force or sneered down by cant or sophistry.

It has long since in this favored country been purged of its cruelty and barbarism, and restrained within well considered bounds. No lacerating or stunning additions, such as I have noticed in sketches of the ancient athletes, have been allowed to Nature's weapons, the clenched fist.

On the contrary, for the practice of the neophyte and the demonstration of the art by the professor soft wool padded gloves cover the knuckles and backs of the hands of the sparring. Finally, foul blows, butting with the head, and deliberate falls have been particularized and forbidden by "Police Gazette" rules and an unimpeachable system of fair play established to be found in the new Rules of the Ring and the "Police Gazette" boxing rules, which have been established throughout the country.

According to the official reports of the "Police Gazette" correspondent at San Francisco of the great special trot for \$5,000, which Harry Wilkes won the second heat of, the great race will never be forgotten by those who witnessed and had their money on the result.

After one false start the horses came up on very even terms, but on nearing the wire the favorite was seen to be on the wobble, and he was on a run as soon as the bell tapped, while Van Ness partly turned toward the judges stand as if in silent exultation at such a send off. While Harry Wilkes was on a desperate run that culminated in his driver sending him almost across the track to the fence in his efforts to bring him to his gait, Guy Wilkes went to the fore, passing the quarter pole in 0:35½, a length ahead of Antelope, he having a similar advantage over Hillton, while Harry was standing to his gait twenty lengths behind. As with such a disastrous break it was conceded that Van Ness would content himself with saving his distance, the main interest was centered in the leading horses.

At the half-mile post in 1:09, Guy had improved his position over the two others by still another length, when a burst of amazement followed by a round of cheers was caused by the magnificent burst of speed shown by Harry Wilkes, who was soon closing up the gap stride by stride, and rushing around the last turn he came into the straight in the second position, and after a magnificent finish he beat out Guy Wilkes by a scant half-length in 1:16½, amid a scene of enthusiasm that has never been surpassed on any of our race tracks.

The trick was so deftly done as almost to defy computation, but a dozen watches held by reliable hands showed 1.04½ and 1.05 from the half-mile post home, while the quarter on the back stretch was covered in 0.31, the average of the last three-quarters being 0.32½. These figures seemingly represent but little, but, in fact, they show a gait to the mile that has only once been beaten on the track.

The disruption in the National Trotting Association has caused considerable comment throughout the country, but there is no danger of its speedy dissolution.

The stopping of the contest between John Farrell and Tommy Danforth caused much disappointment among sporting circles in this city. Farrell is considered by many to be the best man of his side in this country. His fighting weight, however, is 120 pounds, and he finds it hard to train to less.

American yachtsmen who want to begin building boats this winter for the summer regatta are anxious to know the dimensions of the Scotch cutter Thistle, that is coming here to fight for the possession of the America's cup. The prevailing impression among New York yachtsmen is that Mr. Bell's yacht will be between sixty and seventy feet in length, or in the class with the Gracie, Arrow, Fanny, and other old-time sloops that a smart cutter could easily vanquish.

There are at least four New Yorkers who will build yachts to compete for the honor of defending the cup against the Thistle if she is to be a boat of the second class. They are J. Roger Maxwell, Oliver Bell, William Ziegler, and Dr. John C. Barrow.

Vignaux would like to make another match with Slosson, to be played in Paris. Slosson answered that he could not accept those terms, because he had crossed the ocean four times to play Vignaux, while Vignaux had always refused to play him in this country in spite of the understanding after the first games in Paris, that a return match would be played in New York.

By the way, Slosson has notified Vignaux that he will arrange to play in this country, either half-line, cushion carrom or champion's game, but if the match must be in Paris, Slosson advised him to negotiate with Schaefer.

The wonderful advances in breeding that have been made in the last few years are more clearly shown by the roll of trotters that have entered the 2:30 list since Jan. 1, 1886. There are no less than 312 of them, a large increase over any previous year, and exceeding the total number for the first fifty years of trotting history.

LATEST SPORTING.

Fred Archer was the Centaur of the century. Patsy O'Leary, who fought Tommy Warren, is to fill an engagement at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia.

Jem Mace has challenged Ned Donnelly of London to box three rounds, or as many as the professor likes, for \$100 a side.

It is now said that weeks will pass before a final judgment is passed on the Malcolm W. Ford matter, but that under no circumstances will the Scotch verdict of "not proven" be given.

The Crickets, of Hoboken, N. J., the Stevens High School and Stevens Institute were the winners of the American Football Union games for the championship of New York and vicinity.

Senator Stamford's Palo Alto, by Electioneer, dam Dame Winnie, by Planet, has 2:20½ against his name, and Lucy Fry, a very promising daughter of Blue Bull, now dead, obtained a record of 2:20½.

The cooking main between Providence and New York was fought near New Haven on Dec. 13. Seventeen battles were fought. New York won nine, Providence seven. The stakes were \$200 each battle and \$500 the odd fight.

Before the race for the Melbourne Derby, Hon. Jas. White, owner of Trident, the winner, was offered \$50,000 for him. He was not a favorite that the bookmakers were willing to pay that price in order to scratch him. Mr. White declined.

Billy Lakeland, the well-known turfman, has purchased from John M. Cleary, of Lexington, two yearling fillies, both by Longfellow—one out of Ballet, the dam of Modesty, and the other out of Cleary Bowling. The price paid was \$4,000.

Lucky Baldwin has not yet decided whether he will race at Sheepshead Bay next year or not. Several of his best horses have gone amiss at that point in years gone by, and he is a little afraid to take his stable there. He will race at Saratoga, however.

Among the sires of this year's 300 horses, George Wilkes appears most frequently, having seven of his sons and daughters among the new owners. Electioneer, the great California sire, comes next with six. Forty-two sires appear more than once each in the 3:30 list.

It is said that two bills are being prepared for presentation to the Legislature in regard to the pool laws now existing. The prime movers are said to be the Brighton Beach Racing Association and the Brooklyn Jockey Club. The bills legitimate pool selling on the track, while favoring the abolition of bucket shops.

Ormonde, the great unbeaten English colt, only started three times as a two-year-old, and won all his races, including the Criterion stakes and Dewhurst plate. This year he won all his engagements, including the 2,000 Guineas, Derby and St. Leger, being only the fourth time in 100 years in which the three great events have been won by one and the same horse.

The following explains itself: New York, Dec. 20, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor: 1. Patrick Cowan, of One Hundred and Forty-seventh Street, between St. Nicholas and Tenth Avenues, will wrestle any man in America, Westmoreland or Cumberland style, from 140 to 154 pounds weight, for \$50 or \$100 a side, in one month from signing articles. An answer through the Police Gazette will be attended to. PATRICK COWAN.

The dates of the great English races for next year are: Four Oaks National Hurdle Handicap, Feb. 8; Sandown Grand Prize, Feb. 22; Lincolnshire Handicap, March 23; Grand National Steeplechase, March 25; City and Suburban, April 20; Two Thousand Guineas, April 27; Derby, May 25; Oaks, May 27; Grand Prix, June 5; Ascot Cup, June 9; Goodwood Cup, July 27; Doncaster St. Leger, Sept. 14; Cesarewitch, Oct. 11; Middle Park Plate, Oct. 12; Cambridgeshire, Oct. 23; Dewhurst Plate, Oct. 26.

The Newcastle "Chronicle," the leading aquatic authority in the North of England, says: "We were amazed at the immensely powerful proportion of his body and limbs. We have never seen such a model of strength and symmetry as the figure of this marvelous athlete. At first sight Hanlan seems to be stout and fleshy, but, as a matter of fact, he is in good, hard condition. His skin bears the ruddy hue of health, and the splendid muscular development of his arms, chest and back is as solid as English oak. Those of our readers who knew him in 1879, and who may interview him during his present visit to the North, will, we are confident, endorse our opinion that in physique Hanlan is a much better man than he was when first the people of Newcastle made his acquaintance."

Tommy Danforth and Mike Cushing fought eight rounds for a purse in a room in this city on Dec. 15, and it proved a thoroughly game encounter. Danforth is twenty-five years old, stands five feet four inches and weighed 124 pounds. Cushing is twenty-one years old, five feet six and a half inches in height and weighed 138 pounds. Tom Evans looked after Danforth, and Dan Gallagher attended to Cushing. The men wore skin tight gloves, and Queensberry rules governed. In the first round Danforth soon let go his left and caught Cushing on the cheek, the latter countering cleverly on the ribs. Cushing thought he could make the pace when they came together in the second round, but Danforth returned as good as he received and the round was a fine exhibition of science and straight hitting. One of Danforth's left hander's caught Cushing bang on the nose in the third round and he was awarded first blood. Danforth tried hard to land one of his well known terrific rights in the fourth round, but Cushing did some clever ducking and escaped the hardest of them. The fifth round was clever, but not a punishing round. In the sixth, Danforth gathered himself as he saw his opponent preparing to shoot out his left, and sent a cross counter that landed Cushing on the floor. In the seventh round Cushing won first knockdown. Danforth fought savagely after he regained his feet and delivered a good upper cut, which drew a fresh supply of Cushing's blood, this time from the mouth. The eighth and last was a fast and furious round throughout. Eugene Cominsky of the New York Telegram was referee, and his decisions met with the approval of all present. The contest lasted 32 minutes.

W. A. Rowe, of Lynn, Mass., is, judging by performance, the greatest bicycle rider in this country for twenty miles, if not in the world. At the time he covered 21 miles inside of 60 minutes at Springfield, Mass., Oct. 11, 1886, many supposed it would be a long time before any one accomplished, let alone surpassed, Rowe's then unprecedented feat. One would think that such a performance was good enough to end the bicycle season but no. On Oct. 26, 1886, Rowe, with Hendee, Woodside and Crocker to take him along at trotting horse speed, knocked smitherens out of his twenty-one mile record and drove his bicycle 21 miles 190 yards before the hour expired, and had 14 seconds to spare. He polished off the first mile in 2 minutes 38 seconds, the second in 2 minutes 36 seconds (5 minutes 13 seconds), and the third in 2 minutes 43 seconds (7 minutes 54 seconds). After this he began to obliterate all previous times and establish a chain of World's Records. As Rowe now holds all records from a quarter to 22 miles we have given in the "Total" table his "best" times for the first three miles, after which the times are those made on Oct. 26, as are all the "mile" times.

WORLD'S RECORDS MADE BY W. A. ROWE, OF LYNN, MASS., OCT. 26, 1886, AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.:			
Miles.	Total Time.	Mile.	Time.
1/4	0 35 1/5	1/4	36 3/5
1/2	1 12 4/5	1/2	36 3/5
3/4	1 50 1/5	3/4	36 3/5
1	2 38 3/5	1	36 3/5
2	5 11	2	36 3/5
3	7 48 4/5	3	36 3/5
4	10 41 3/5	4	36 3/5
5	13 23 3/5	5	36 3/5
6	16 12 3/5	6	36 3/5
7	18 59	7	36 3/5
8	21 41 3/5	8	36 3/5
9	24 26 3/5	9	36 3/5
10	27 11 3/5	10	36 3/5
11	29 53 3/5	11	36 3/5
12	32 35	12	36 3/5
13	35 19 3/5	13	36 3/5
14	38 1 3/5	14	36 3/5
15	40 41 3/5	15	36 3/5
16	43 26 3/5	16	36 3/5
17	46 14 3/5	17	36 3/5
18	48 58	18	36 3/5
19	51 40 3/5	19	36 3/5
20	54 25 3/5	20	36 3/5
21	57 11 3/5	21	36 3/5
22	59 46	22	36 3/5

This gives an average pace of exactly 2 minutes 43 seconds per mile, and made up 22 miles 150 yards before the hour expired.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGENTS WANTED.

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RICHARD K. FOX,

Editor and Proprietor,
Franklin Square, New York.

J. C. Pratt Mines, Ala.—No.
C. B., Baltimore, Md.—A is correct.
D. A., Council Bluffs.—He is a gelding.
C. P., Sandusky, O.—Joe Coburn was born July 20, 1835.
J. K., Farwell, Mich.—Hosman and Sayers fought on April 17, 1860.

X. Y., Lafayette, Ind.—I send his photo and we will publish it.

2. No.

J. T., Wray, Col.—The bet was fair, and A is entitled to the money.

K. M., Black Rock, N. Y.—The book is out of print. 2. No. 3.

A wins.

M. E., Somerville, N. J.—Chas. Hadley, the colored pugilist, is still living.

P. S., Peoria, Ill.—Jim Dalton, the Chicago pugilist, stands 5 feet 11 inches.

E. G., Troy, N. Y.—The first theatre in Petersburg, Va., was opened in 1818.

O. O., Portsmouth, N. H.—A wins, as Owey Geoghegan did fight several prize fights.

B. O., Fort Coner D'Alene.—1. No. 2. Blondin crossed Niagara Falls on a tight rope June 30, 1859.

W. E., Rodney, Mich.—The Peyton stakes, ran at Nashville, Tenn., in 1843, was worth about \$34,000.

W. D., Crookston, Minn.—"Romany Rye" was first acted in America at Booth's theatre, Sept. 18, 1862.

E. F., Memphis.—Barney Aaron and Sam Collyer fought twice. Collyer won the first and Aaron the second.

G. A., Albany, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan has not been beaten either in a glove contest or prize ring encounter.

S. R., Washington, D. C.—Yes, you can see the water going over the Falls of Niagara from the old suspension bridge.

C. A., Brookville, Pa.—Sir Garnet Wolseley was born at the Golden Bridge House, near Dublin, Ireland, June 4, 1826.

D. G., Peckskill, N. Y.—In the intercollegiate rowing races at Saratoga, July 19, 1876, Cornell won all three races. 2. No.

A. B., Edmunds, Dak.—Laycock did defeat Wallace Ross in England. 2. Barry Sullivan was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1824.

K. M., Dayton, O.—1. Bill Poole and John Morrissey fought on Amos street dock, New York, July 26, 1854. 2. Poole won. 3. No.

M. A., Utah.—1. Joe Heller, the "Spider," stood 5 feet 3½ inches in height. 2. Jack Langham was born in County Kildare, Ireland.

H. A. H., Boston, Mass.—1. Jay-Eye-See belongs to J. I. Case, of Racine, Wis. 2. We cannot inform you where the book can be obtained.

CONSTANT READERS, Cairo.—It would occupy too much space to publish the rules. Send for "The Life of John L. Sullivan," which contains them.

A. O. S., Louisville, Ky.—Jim Smith and Australian Kelly fought the longest prize fight on record, viz. 6 hours and 15 minutes. It took place in Australia in 1853.

P. S., Cambridge, Mass.—Ben Caunt and Bendigo fought July 26, 1835, as Nottingham, Eng. Caunt was decided the winner by Bendigo going down without a blow.

P. A., Syracuse, N. Y.—1. John L. Sullivan only had one benefit in Boston—namely, March 19, 1883. 2. Richard K. Fox never matched James Elliott to fight John L. Sullivan. 3. Yes.

N. P. R., Johnston, Pa.—1. It was Mike Madden and Bill Hayes who fought near Edinbridge, England, on July 17, 1849. 2. If you bet it was Billy Madden you lose your money. 3. The battle lasted 6 hours 8 minutes, and is the longest battle ever fought in England.

D. C., Washington, D. C.—The following is the official score in the 24-hour (4 hours a day) race at New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 6, 1886. G. D. Noremans, 175 miles 11 laps; P. Hegelman, 171 miles 4 laps; N. Taylor, 148 miles 14 laps; J. Sheehy, 138 miles 1 lap; W. E. Hopewell, 136 miles.

W. M., Rochester, N. Y.—The judges and referee in the race in which E. C. Carter was to beat the ten mile amateur running record were responsible persons. 2. No. 3. The officials were: W. Wood, referee; Judges, W. G. Schuyler, B. C. Williams, and G. D. Phillips; timers, W. B. Curtis and G. A. Avery.

D. J., Latonia, Ky.—Emma B. has trotted more heats in 2:30 or better than Maud S. According to the record, Emma B., owned by Richard K. Fox, has trotted 46 heats in 2:30 or better, and got a record of 2:27, at Philadelphia, Oct. 2, 1879. Maud S., owned by Robert Bonner, has only trotted 25 heats in 2:30 or better, and A wins.

J. M., Boston.—The following are the dimensions of W. Vanderbilt's new three-masted steam yacht Alva: Length over all, 266 feet; length from stern to post, 256 feet; length on load line, 252 feet; extreme beam, 25 feet 3 inches; depth moulded, 21 feet 6 inches; extreme draught, 17 feet; diameter propelling wheel, 18 feet 6 inches. Measurement in tons, O. M., 1,311.

M. W. J., Baltimore.—Charles Green, St. Louis Fair Association of St. Louis; James E. Brewster, President of the Washington Park Driving Club; Col. M. Lewis Clarke, Louisville Jockey Club; Col. R. W. Simmons, Louisville Jockey Club; C. H. Gillock, West Side Jockey Club, Nashville, Tenn.; Capt. R. S. Brown, Pittsburg Jockey Club; T. J. Magbilen, Atlanta Jockey Club.

P. B., Boston, Mass.—At the time Tom Sayers and Nat Langham fought, Sayers was regarded as the top of the tree of 147-pound pugilists, while Langham was acknowledged to be the best man in the ring at 154 pounds, or a little over, and though he failed to beat Harry Orme, yet there was no one else at his weight who dared to meet him. Sayers and Langham fought 2 hours and 3 minutes, during which time 61 rounds were fought. In the last round Langham blinded Sayers.

E. W., Philadelphia.—E. C. Curtis, the amateur champion lamble runner, time for each mile when he beat T. F. Delaney's record at the New York Athletic Club on Nov. 4, 1886, was as follows: First mile, 5 minutes 5 seconds; second, 10 minutes 20 seconds; third, 15 minutes 37 seconds; fourth, 20 minutes 46 seconds; fifth, 26 minutes 6 seconds; sixth, 31 minutes 29 seconds; seventh, 36 minutes 54 seconds; eighth, 42 minutes 19 seconds; ninth, 47 minutes 44 seconds; tenth, 52 minutes 56 seconds. Carter beat T. F. Delaney's record, which was 56 minutes 2 seconds from the four miles up to the finish.

J. D., Altoona, Pa.—Bicycle road record from 20 miles to 24 hours is as follows:

MILES. H. M. S.

20..... 1 19 17

25..... 1 27 09

30..... 2 04 39

35..... 2 36 28

40..... 3 08 00

45..... 3 39 50

50..... 4 11 40

55..... 4 43 30

60..... 5 15 20

65..... 5 47 10

70..... 6 19 00

75..... 7 00 50

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A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

SENATOR JONES' SON INDULGES, ACCORDING TO RUMOR, IN A WHOLE-SOULED RACKET AT A HOUSE ON CROGHAN STREET, DETROIT.



THE NEW MEXICAN STYLE.

ONE YOUNG GREASER NEAR THE FRESCAS RANCH, LA MESILLA, N. M., DRAGS ANOTHER TO A HORRIBLE DEATH WITH A LASSO.

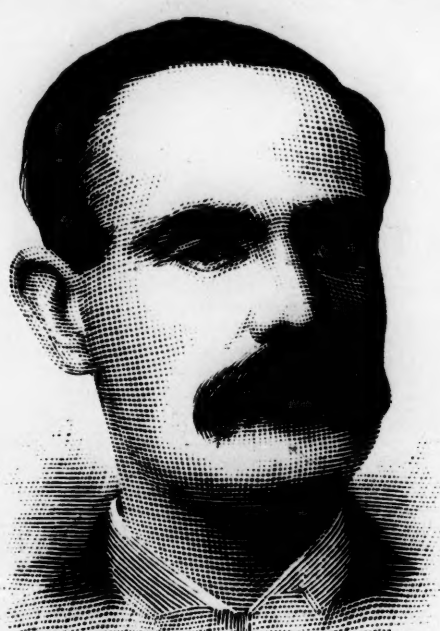


BALTIMORE'S BURKERS.

THREE NEGRO WHETCHES MURDER A WHITE WOMAN IN ORDER TO SELL HER CORPSE TO THE MARYLAND UNIVERSITY DISSECTING ROOM.



A WELL-KNOWN RUNNER,
PEDESTRIAN CLARK A FAVORITE BRITISH ATHLETE.



HARRY BROOKS,
A FAMOUS PEDESTRIAN AND MANAGER.



THOMAS H. HUMPHREY,
THE FAMOUS ROLLER SKATER OF AUBURN, N. Y.



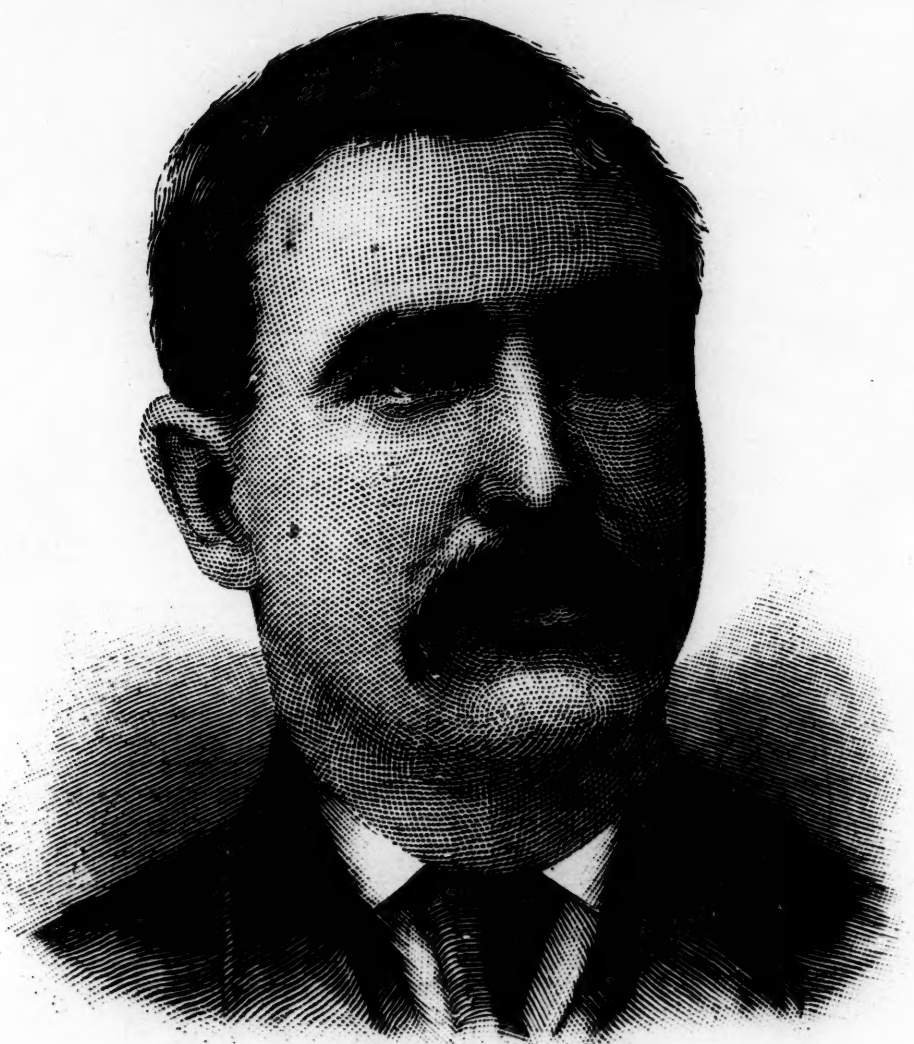
WM. H. HEIDER,
THE CHAMPION RIFLE WING-SHOT OF ILLINOIS.



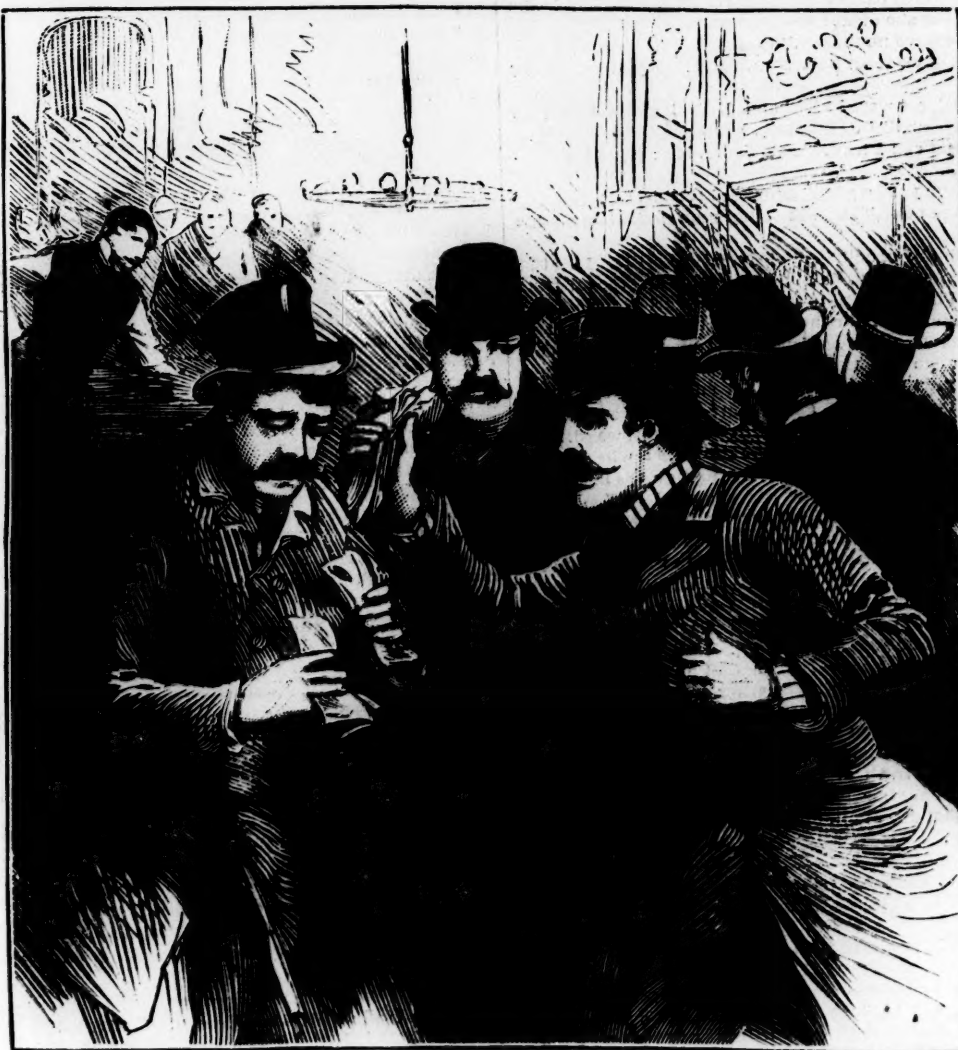
JAMES SMITH,
THE CHAMPION PUGILIST OF GREAT BRITAIN.



JOHN KNIFTON,
THE 81-TONNER NOW MATCHED TO FIGHT JEM SMITH FOR THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.



A CHAMPION WRESTLER.
THE WORLD RENOWNED JOE ACTON OF PHILADELPHIA.



BIG BILLIARDS.
THE SECOND MATCH BETWEEN SCHAEFER AND SLOSSON IN MUSIC HALL, CHICAGO.

TWO OF A KIND

"I am Senator Jones' Son, and
Don't You Forget It!"

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

The Good City of Detroit is Painted a
Lively Red by a Couple of
Distinguished Floridians.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Chas. W. Jones, Jr., son of the much talked about Senator from Florida, arrived in Detroit about a fortnight ago intending to spend the holiday season with his father, who has for the past year or more been comfortably located in the Russell House. Chas. is a natty young chap of gentlemanly bearing and about 22 years old. A glance would convince the observer that he is somewhat of a blood. For some years he has been attending Georgetown College, an educational institution of national fame located on the banks of the Potomac a few miles distant from the city of Washington. Charles's visit to Detroit has proven him to be just what he looks—an ideal blood. Though his stay is not yet a week old he has made the acquaintance of many of Detroit's young sports. Among them is a young man connected with the establishment of J. H. Lynch & Co. on Woodward avenue. The two at once began to "swell it" together. Wednesday evening they had supper together at the Russell House. Afterwards they went to the Detroit Opera House. When the play was over they adjourned to a neighboring club room, where, it is said, they "blew themselves" to a considerable extent.

By midnight young Jones had succeeded in getting pretty well under way, and began to display a ravenous desire to see Detroit's elephant. A coupe was hired and Jones, accompanied by his Detroit friend, proceeded to "do the town." They called at Dutch Lena's ranch, on Antoine street, where the wine was made to flow in abundance without regard to Jones' purse. They also visited several other gay resorts. About 1 o'clock Thursday morning the coupe halted opposite Kit Willard's place, at 39 Croghan street. Jones and his companion were by this time almost unable to walk.

"I'm Senator Jones' son, and don't you forget it!" exclaimed Charles, as he sank back into an easy chair.

He was at once surrounded by a half-dozen scantily-dressed females. A tall, handsome representative of Kit's household, with her breasts exposed in a brazen manner, pulled her chair alongside that of Jones.

"Are you going to blow yourself?" she asked, looking pleadingly into the young man's face.

"Blow myself? I'm a thoroughbred, and don't you forget it. I'm Senator Jones' son. Let's have some of Mumm's extra dry. Come; everybody drink," said Charles, trying to get into a standing position. The champagne was produced and all began to partake thereof. Then another and another bottle was consumed, until finally a bill of considerable proportions had been run. About that time Jones was asked to "scrip up." The poor devil was already out of money.

He said that he could not liquidate. Then the mistress of the house flew into a wild passion and began to pour out threatening insinuations. Jones looked at his friend and pointed toward the door. The latter arose to his feet.

"You can't leave this house until this wine bill is settled for."

The words came from Kit Willard, and her looks told that she meant what she said.

"We have no money," they insisted.

"Then we must have security before you get out of here."

The doors were locked and Kit's females began to assume pugilistic situations.

"What can I leave?" said Jones, looking at his companion.

"Leave your watch," answered the girls.

"Have none," and the young man pulled open his coat.

He finally concluded to leave his silk tie. But the wine amounted to five times its value and the mistress of the house refused to take it as security. She, however, came to the conclusion that Jones and his companions were "wolves" and threw open the front door, whereupon the two men made for the coupe, Jones leaving his tie behind. The vehicle was driven to the Russell House. Patrolman Brown was passing Kit Willard's house shortly after the coupe was driven away. He found Jones' hat in the street where Miss Willard had consigned it. Inquiry on the inside developed the fact that the tie belonged to Jones. It was taken to Police Headquarters, from which place word was sent to the Russell House. Thursday morning Senator Jones sent a messenger to the station and the hat was delivered over. The wine bill at Willard's has since been paid.

When Jones was leaving Willard's he slipped on the iron steps and got badly bruised. He is now laid up in his room. The excuse is made that he received his injuries while riding with his father on the Grosse Point road Thursday evening. The *Free Press* on Friday morning published a column of slush and had the audacity to say that Jones' father had also been injured. The truth of the whole affair is that neither Senator Jones nor his son Charles had been out together that day at all, nor was the latter able to leave his room.

JEM SMITH.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of James Smith, the champion pugilist of Great Britain. Smith's record has time and again appeared in this paper. Smith is now matched to fight John Knifton, the 81 tonner, in England, and three attempts to bring off the affair have been failures. Smith is looked upon as the best man now in the ring by English sporting men, but that question will be in doubt until he conquers Knifton and then defeats John L. Sullivan.

JOHN KNIFTON.

[With Portrait.]

The well known English heavy weight pugilist is well known in England. He has been training for the past two months to fight Jem Smith for £200 a side and the championship of England. Knifton's record recently appeared in this paper. It is Knifton's intention, if he succeeds in defeating Smith, to come to this country with his backer, Jem Mace.

BIG BILLIARDS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We illustrate this week the great cushion-carom match between Schaefer and Slosson to Music Hall, Chicago.

JOE ACTON.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Joe Acton, of Philadelphia, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world. Acton is ready to meet all comers at Græco-Roman or catch-as-catch-can style for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

NOTORIOUS AMERICAN FORGERS.

Two notorious forgers and confidence men from this country, Walter Sheridan and "Bill" Bartlett, have been imprisoned at Oporto, Portugal, for trying to pass forged bank of England notes. They introduced themselves several months ago to W. Stuve, the American consular agent at Oporto, as Lyman Austin and William Henry Hatfield, representing that they were bankrupt American business men trying to mend their fortunes, and having won his confidence by their good address and varied accomplishments, were generally introduced in social circles. They were directed in their first attempt to victimize the branch bank of Portugal with three £500 notes. The notes were proved to be counterfeits, and the men were each sentenced to eighteen months in prison. Their photographs were sent by the Oporto police commissioner to Inspector Byrnes, who recognizes them as Sheridan and Bartlett. Sheridan, one of the best "pen workers" in this country, began his career as a Missouri horse thief and has served terms in Sing Sing, the Eastern Pennsylvania Penitentiary and other prisons for bank robberies and swindles amounting in results to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

A FORGER CIRCUMNAVIGATES THE GLOBE.

O. A. Linde, an employee of Nelson Anderson, local agent of the White Star Steamship Company, fled last August with £100 sterling (\$500) in the form of checks belonging to his employer. His own savings paid his way to Liverpool, where he cashed the checks and took steamer passage for Calcutta, where he stayed two weeks. Then he went to Melbourne, Australia, and finally to Honolulu, where he found work on a plantation in the interior. He was soon robbed of what little he had left and has finally turned up in San Francisco, disheartened and penniless, having worked his way. At San Francisco he addressed a contrite letter to his former employer, offering to return, and he was returned to Chicago to answer to an indictment found against him for forgery. In his letter Linde said that as Bradley, the Pullman embezzler, had been given five years for embezzling \$5,000, his punishment, as he stole but \$500, should be one tenth, or six months.

HE TOOK HIS OWN LIFE.

James McDermott, of Franklin, Mass., was indicted by the grand jury last September for burning Lucius Daniels' barn and had two trials. On the first trial the jury disagreed. The second trial ended with a verdict of guilty. McDermott, who was a well known liquor dealer, broke down at the announcement of the verdict and seemed within an hour to have grown aged and infirm. Before leaving the court to be taken to jail to await his sentence, McDermott bade his wife and children farewell. He hung himself to the door of his cell with a sheet and was found there dead in the morning. He was fifty years old. Daniels was instrumental in closing liquor saloons and it was charged that McDermott burned his barn out of revenge.

CARRYING OFF A BEAUTY.

Selim Hanai, in the employ of Murad Pasha, at Constantinople, was the other day brought before the judge on the charge of aiding and abetting the abduction of the favorite Fatima, by Baron Nadetz, a young French diplomatist. He confessed to having conveyed love letters between the parties; also to having supplied the beautiful Fatima with the complete outfit of a Savoyard organ-grinder, barrel-organ and monkey included, thus assisting her escape. The happy couple got safely to Paris, where the fair Oriental abjured the faith of her fathers and was married to the baron in the Church of the Madeleine. At the ceremony quite a flutter of excitement was created among the Paris ladies by a set of oriental pearls, said to be worth 3,000,000 piastres, which Fatima had brought with her as a souvenir of Murad Pasha and his harem. Selim, who had already received 50 strokes of a cane by order of his master, now solemnly appealed to Allah and the Prophet, though he admitted with a grin of satisfaction that Baron Nadetz had given him 2,000 piastres for his services and promised him the position of concierge at his house in Paris. The judge sentenced the unfaithful Selim to 6 months at the galleys.

BETTER THAN HE DREAMED.

Farmer Hillman, of Sharon, Ga., looking for gold on his farm, found a spot where the soil was curiously discolored. He set his negro hired man to digging, and he found that he had struck simply a clay bed. No gold was found, but the negro, who was rheumatic, discovered that when he dug into the clay his pains ceased. He excavated quite a pit, and now persons in that vicinity declare that the soft clay of the pit is a sure cure for rheumatism, and it is reported that invalids who go there on crutches, after applying the clay to the affected parts, go away unaided.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

will send their celebrated Voltaic Belt and Electric Appliances, on thirty days' trial, to any man (young or middle-aged) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, lack of nerve force and vigor, and other diseases. The greatest remedial agent ever discovered. Write to them for illustrated pamphlet free. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

AN INGENIOUS SWINDLE.

A. Barclay is wanted at Springfield, Ohio, for operating one of the most extraordinary swindling schemes on record. He had a letter-head printed, headed "Miami Lumber Company, of Springfield," there being no such concern. He addressed letters to persons all over the country, telling each one that one of his friends employed by the lumber company had been drowned, and that a card bearing the name of the person addressed had been found in the dead man's pocket. The swindler inclosed a list of valuable effects, alleged to belong to the pretended dead man, and offered to send them on receipt of \$5.70 to pay funeral expenses. Replies came from all over the country. Among others M. W. Peterson, of Ellipton, Ill., wrote to the chief of police.

A CONVICT CREMATED BY A MOB.

Frank Sanders, a convict who brutally murdered the entire family of the man with whom he was working out his time, was caught by a mob near Toccoa, Ga., the other day and lynched. It is said the enraged people threw him into a fire and allowed him to burn to death.

The well-known Irish comedian, James M. Ward, will present his successful comedy entitled "The Red Fox" at Poole's Theatre, Monday evening, Dec. 27. It will be an important production, with realistic scenery by Hoyt. The cast is a strong one, including such artists as Mrs. W. G. Jones, Myron Leffingwell, John P. Sullivan, Morton Price, W. T. Melville, Mary Young, Emma Clayton and Carrie Clark Ward.

"Danger" is the title of a most remarkable book which has been written by Howe & Hummel, the celebrated criminal lawyers of this city. Some startling developments and most astonishing exposures are made, making the book of great value to every one, besides warning the unwary of both sides how to avoid the traps and pitfalls of this great city.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. H. COX, 333 Broadway, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and after Dark.

Man Traps of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler.

New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.

New York Tombs; Its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.

Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.

Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.

Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.

Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.

Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.

James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.

Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.

Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy.

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John C. Heenan, with all his Battles.

Tug Wilson, Champion Pugilist of England.

Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman.

Betting Man's Guide, or How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.

Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

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TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBES AND CUPAIBA. Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs, its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation), make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud see that each package has a red strip across the face of label with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y.

Upon It. Price \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLEN, a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

We cordially recommend your use of the best remedy known to us for Gonorrhea and Gleet. We have sold considerable quantities, and in every case it has given satisfaction. Allcott & Link, Hudson, N. Y. Sold by Druggists Price \$1.00.

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Mental and Physical Prostration. Complete cure by using the Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

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WE GUARANTEE

You to receive over 500 Samples, Books, Circulars, Letters and Folders Free, from firms all over the U. S. and Canada. If you send 2c. to have your name in new issue of Agents' Name Directory. Address at once. ALLEN & CO., Kennedy, N. Y.

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Diseases of men a specialty. Moderate charges and honorable treatment. Address or call on N. E. Med. Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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C--MONEY \$100 in finely engraved bank notes for \$1 postal note; sample (\$10 bill) 25 cents; half-dollars, (fine imitation silver) sample, 25 cents. WILLIAM C. West Winsted, Ct.

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Watch and Chain \$2. Solid, rolled plate Serpentine Ring, with Dead Sea diamond and ruby settings, \$2. Dead Sea Diamond Earrings, \$2. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address LEW. H. ANDERSON, Chicago, Ill.

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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
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Fancy Pictures for Gents. Man and Woman together, natural as life. Sold in sets of 12 for \$1. Gd. for them; exceedingly rich and the latest Pictures in this or any foreign market; one set (12) safely by mail \$1. LIBERTY SUPPLY AGENT, 80 Nassau St., New York. Room 15, rear building.

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Adventures of a French doctor with his female patients—a rare book—108 pages of fancy reading, choice illustrations and 10 male and female illustrations. By mail well sealed, 50 cents; 3 books same nature, all different, for \$1. Mail or express.

TRY ONCE,

and you will be convinced that I have the Old-Time F. H. Book, \$2.50; also the Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, \$2.50 per pack. To prove it, I will send you 10 best samples of the cards; also 10 of the illustrated pages of the F. H. Book on receipt of One Dollar. (Room 2). OLD-TIME BOOK AGT, 100 William St., N. Y.

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For stamped directed envelope. Address: Old Time Book Agent, Room 2, 100 William Street, N. Y.



The Magic Revolver. Do you wish to make the mysteries of art or nature? Magnifies 1,000 times. Sample, 25c; 3, 50c; 7, \$1; 1 dozen, \$1.50; 1 gross, \$10. Well assorted. Money for agents. Key Book for Gents, 61 Illustrations, 43c.

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Spicy! Scraps of an Alabama Doctor with his lady acquaintances; what happened to two young ladies while in bathing; who saw them from a tree, etc. Nature revealed; funny's cases; how Betty's milk dress was ruined. This is a rare book; 160 pages and 12 illustrations, 50c. Box 257, Newark, N. J.

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NO TIGHTS—Cabinet Photos, females from life. Enclosed in letter 12c. stamps for sealed sample or a dollar for 10, and address Park City Pub Co. Chicago.

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Frolics under a crazy quilt, sent sealed for 25c. silver. RICHARD CARD CO., Cadiz, O.

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Youthful Vigor restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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VICTIMS OF QUACKS, suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Seminal Emissions, Impotence, Baseness, Pimples, Lack of Confidence, non-development of parts, etc., you cannot be cured by medicine. Send \$5 for our new improved electric treatment. Guaranteed. Circulars free. Address LEW. H. ANDERSON, Chicago, Ill.

LOST VIGOR

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous Debility, and Weakness in men, resulting from excesses, cured without Stomach Medication by the Nervous Debility Pills.

LADIES

Ring's Rin Oidie Pills cure what all other remedies fail to cure. Safe and Sure. Superior to Purgatives, Laxatives, etc. (sealed) 4c. CLARK & CO., 519 4th St., Phila.

WANTED: NIGHT EMISSIONS quickly and permanently cured. Description of INSTRUMENT, (WORK NIGHTS), and method of cure sent free in plain sealed envelope. Send stamp to Dr. JAMES WILSON, Box 156, Cleveland, Ohio. Mention this paper.



MY ELECTRIC BELTS AND SUPPLEMENTARY cure nervous Debility, loss of manhood, weakness of body and mind, youthful errors, etc. Write for book on Manly Vigor, free. Dr. W. YOUNG, 200 Hudson St., N. Y.

LADIES

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MEDICAL.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

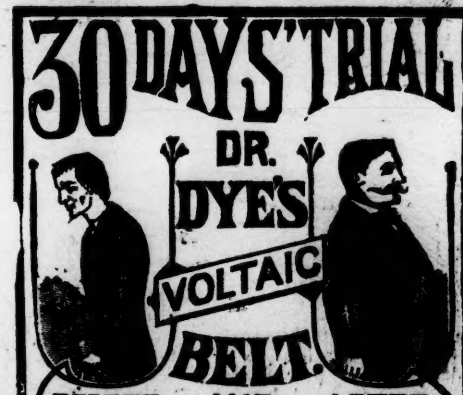
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Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Now, notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R—Erythroxylon coca, 1/2 drachm. Jerubelin, 1/2 drachm. Helonias Diolon, 1/2 drachm. Gelsemin, 3 grains. Ext. Ignatie amara (alcoholic), 2 grains. Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples. Glycerin, q. s.

Mix. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor. As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages which will cure most cases, for \$5. Address or call on

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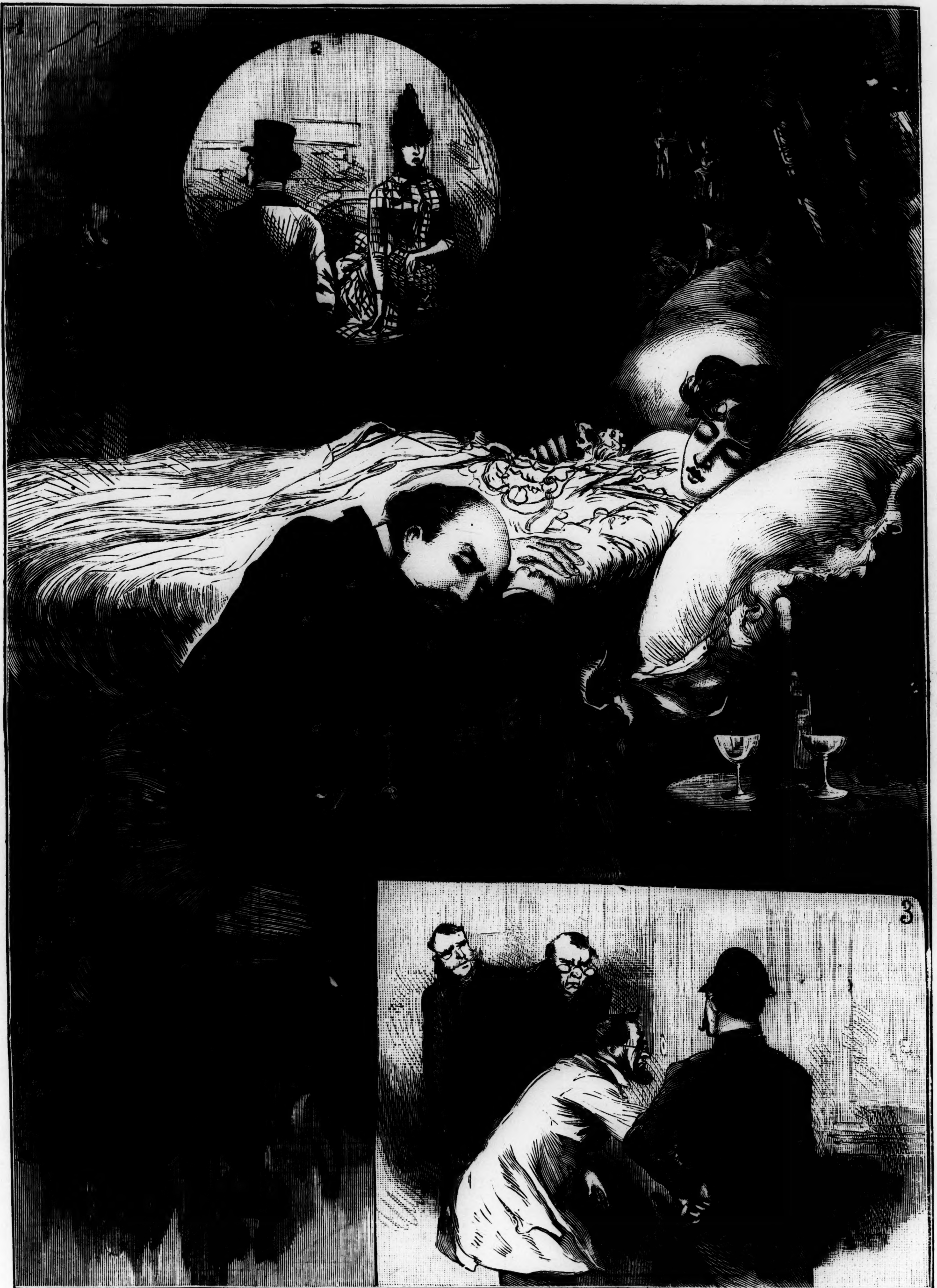
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